THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

November, 1802.

MEMOIRS OF MISS GUNNING.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

FROM the virtues and accomplishments of Miss Gunning, the fair subject of this memoir, she has long been an object of public interest. Not less indebted to the accidental circumstance of birth, which introduced her into the world, in one of its most elevated stations; she owes much of her celebrity to those talents which have raised her to so distinguished a rank in the republic of letters.

The father of Miss Gunning was the late General Gunning, of Roscommon, in Ireland: and her mother was not only eminently handsome, but being held in high consideration for an uncommon versatility of genius in that branch of polite literature which comprises the field of the novelist, her name is never mentioned by the amateurs of a fine and chastened imagination, without the deepest respect. Young and admired, literary pursuits were the amusement of her life; and she educated her daughter in the same taste.

General Gunning being the brother of the two far-famed Irish beauties, the Countess of Coventry, and her lovely sister the Duchess of Hamilton, who afterwards married the Duke of Argyle; Mrs. Gunning was enabled to paint, in her excellent novels, a most correct picture of the manners which exist in the highest circles of society. As well as we can remember, her works appeared in the following rotation.

The Delborough Family.
Memoirs of Mary.
Delves.
Love at First Sight.
Fashionable Improvements.
The Heir Apparent.

Miss Gunning has closely pursued the footsteps of her mother, and shewed herself equally fitted to "shine in courts, or walk the shade, with innocence and contemplation join'd." Her literary essays are these:—

The Packet.
Lord Fitzhenry.
Orphans of Snowden.
The Foresters.
Gipsy Countess.
Life of Madame de Barneveldt.
Childrens' Stories.
The Farmer's Boy.

It would be ridiculous for us to enter into an elaborate *critique* on works which are in every one's hands: the public declares its opinion of their merits, by the success with which it crowns her labors. We understand that she is now engaged in a work of science; and that another novel is in the press.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LI.

[Continued from page 228.]

THE night after I parted with my cousin William, as I shall now call him, sleep refused to seal my eyes. I perceived that he had made an impression on my heart to which I had been a stranger before; and yet so new was the emotions I felt, that I wished to conceal them even from myself. I had read of love; but I had never till this period witnessed its power; and such was my innocence and simplicity, that I blushed at the very idea of a partial attachment to any, except the authors of my being. I became mopish and reserved: my thoughts wandered, while my hands were employed: I frequently forgot what I had the instant before determined to set about; and frequently, when asked a question, I answered directly opposite. My mother sometimes smiled at my absence; my father was half angry. "These books," he would often say, "will turn the girl's head. I never knew any good come to people in our situation who studied any thing beyond their Bible. But I have been to blame: I encouraged her love of reading, though it was only with the hopes of making her more industrious, in order to deserve this indulgence, and to keep her from gossipping when she had nothing to do."

I strove to redouble my diligence, and strained my invention to please; but, though I failed in duty, I was sensible that I put a force on my inclinations to appear my former self; and could not help suspecting, that every emotion of my soul was as distinctly visible to others as it was perfectly known to myself. In this state of agitation and disguise, however, I had not continued long, before I received a parcel of books from my cousin, accompanied by a long letter of thanks to my father, in which I was mentioned with the most

pointed partiality. Some trifling presents to the old people were also received at the same time, with which they were vastly pleased; and whenever a neighbour called, cousin William was mentioned in terms which increased my partiality, though I constantly blushed at hearing his name.

As I was reckoned the best scribe in the family, I was commissioned to return him a letter of thanks for his attention to us all; and, pleasing as the office was to my heart, I assure you, Madam, I could not be prevailed upon to set about it, without repeatedly being urged to the task. Unaccustomed to correspondence, I felt the utmost difficulty in expressing myself as I could have wished; but had I been writing to a person more indifferent to me, perhaps I should have experienced neither anxiety nor fear. At last the letter was finished; little, indeed, to my own satisfaction, because it concealed all that ingenuous passion would have prompted me to say, had not delicacy checked my pen; but it pleased my parents; and it was not long before an answer was returned, addressed to me, and full of such tender, though guarded, expressions, that my heart applied them all. This was the first letter I ever opened, and I felt it likewise the most interesting. A thousand times did I read it in secret: a thousand constructions did I put upon every doubtful passage; but love taught me to interpret the whole according to its suggestions; and though it was less explicit than it might have been, I ascribed this reserve to the same delicacy that actuated myself. Nor was I mistaken. Every fresh letter disclosed, more and more, an ingenuous mind, and a rooted attachment; and though I was more cautious in committing myself than even my parents thought necessary, in every reply I made, enough was said to satisfy my correspondent, that he had no rival to fear, no intriguer to deal with.

About this time, however, a young man, my superior in fortune and situation, and who had known me from a child, began to pester me with his assiduities.

ties. Grateful as they might have been, had my heart been disengaged, his attentions distressed me above measure: I never saw him without trepidation; and yet he had not hitherto explained himself in such a way, as would have justified me in telling him that it was vain to hope for my regard. At length he disclosed his wishes to my father, who, forgetting his cousin William, or ignorant that there was such a sincere attachment between him and me, gave him all the encouragement he could have desired. He engaged my mother likewise in the same interest; no doubt, from a real regard, as he thought, for my welfare: but when they urged me to receive the addresses of a man I could not love, I could only shew my reluctance by my tears, and ask, in the anguish of my heart, "if they thought it possible to force regard?"

In my next letter to my cousin, which, indeed, had long remained due on my part, I explained the misery of my situation in general terms; but concealed the immediate cause. By the very next post I received his answer in glowing language of unalterable love, and conjuring me to make him my confidant in what seemed to hang so heavy on my heart. He assured me that all the happiness of his life centered in me; and that nothing but indispensable engagements could have prevented him so long from seeing me, and telling me in person what the deep interest he felt in my welfare now drew from his pen.

To my parents I immediately communicated this welcome letter, which I had the felicity to find was not displeasing to them: and though my father, with that prudence which is natural to advanced age and long experience, could not help expatiating in the superior prospects of a comfortable settlement with my other suitor, he disclaimed all thoughts of forcing my inclination, or biassing my judgment.

In a short time cousin William paid us a second visit, and avowed himself in form. He had lately received an advance of salary, as a reward for his assi-

duity and care, and flattered himself that, with prudent œconomy, he should soon be able to maintain the object of his fondest affection with decency and ease. My parents listened to his artless tale, and declared their readiness to leave me to act in this important affair as my heart inclined; but, added my father, "London is an expensive place, I am told; and Mary has not been used to any business that will qualify her to assist you there."

In company with my William, I made several little excursions in the neighbourhood, and every hour was more and more charmed with his sentiments and manners. He had won my heart, almost before I knew that I had one to love; and such attachments generally are the most durable and pure. My neighbours envied me for being noticed by such a well-dressed man; and my parents also seemed proud of having their daughter distinguished beyond those of the same rank and expectations. Every thing went on smoothly and delightfully during the few weeks which my beloved William staid with us; but being called to town sooner than he expected by the illness of his master, I anticipated I know not what, though I entertained no doubt of the constancy of his love.

Many days elapsed before I had the pleasure of hearing from him, during which I counted the hours. At last a letter, sealed with black, arrived. It was brief: but it informed me his master was dead, and that he had left him a legacy of 100l. which was but a poor consolation for the loss of an excellent man, and of a good place. I was strangely affected at this news; but I had not long to indulge in distant grief and chimerical fears. My dear father, in returning from the weekly market which he attended a few days after, was thrown from his horse, and so dreadfully bruised, that, though, by the benevolent attention of some persons who were passing the same way, he reached home alive, he never spoke again; and his distracted family could only witness his last agonies,

and

and mix their groans with his. At the contemplation of this awful catastrophe, my heart still sinks—my eyes overflow. In time, I forgot every other passion, except grief and filial regard, both for the dead and for the living. I endeavored to console my unhappy mother by every art I possessed; but, God knows! I wanted that consolation myself which I was anxious to administer to her. The loss of a parent, even by a gradual decay, and from the common course of nature, is one of the most trying circumstances which a dutiful child can know; and how much was my calamity aggravated by the reflection on the manner and the season when my affectionate father met his end!

ANECDOTES of CELEBRATED and ECCENTRIC FEMALE CHARACTERS.

Margaret of Valdemar.

MARGARET, the daughter of Valdemar III. and Hedwige his Queen, was born in 1353. In the sixth year of her age, she was betrothed to Haquin, King of Norway, son of Magnus, King of Sweden, which was the first step to her future greatness. This marriage, after much opposition on the part of the Swedes, was solemnized at Copenhagen, in 1363, when she was only in the eleventh year of her age. Margaret gave so many proofs of her prudence and courage when Haquin lost the crown of Sweden, as induced Valdemar frequently to say of her, that nature intended her for a man, and had erred in making her a woman.

Upon the demise of her father, in 1375, she had the address to secure the election of her son Oloff, then only five years of age, in preference to the son of her eldest sister Ingeburga; and, upon the death of her husband Haquin, she secured his succession to the crown of Norway. Being regent during Oloff's minority, her administration was so vigorous, prudent, and popular,

popular, that, upon his premature death in 1385, she was chosen Queen by the States of Denmark; the first instance, perhaps, in a government wholly elective, and in which custom had not authorized the election of a female, of a woman being exalted to the throne by the free and unanimous suffrages of a warlike people. With the same address she procured the crown of Norway; and was equally successful in gaining that of Sweden. Albert had been chosen King, and might have preserved his power, if it had not been his fate to contend with such a rival as Margaret. When, in allusion to her sex, he styled her, in derision, the King in petticoats, she answered his reproach by actions, not by words; and made him sorely repent of his vaunts, when he found himself worsted in every engagement: when deposed and captive, he owed his life to the clemency of the very woman whom he had so wantonly insulted.* By the famous union of Calmar, in 1397, she united the three northern kingdoms, and held them undivided during her reign, notwithstanding the aversion of the Swedes to the Danish government.

But from nothing is the vigor and policy of her conduct more conspicuous than from this consideration, that the perpetual revolts, and intestine convulsions, which continually disturbed the reigns of the Sovereigns who immediately preceded and followed her, were subdued throughout her whole administration. This internal tranquillity, more glorious, though less splendid, than her warlike achievements, and which was very unusual in those turbulent times, could only be derived from the over-ruling ascendancy of her superior genius.

This great Princess died suddenly on the 27th of October, 1412, in the 60th year of her age: and, if we

* In the cathedral at Upsal is shewn a whetstone, several feet in length, which, as tradition relates, Albert sent in mockery to Margaret of Valdemar, recommending her to sharpen upon it her own sword, and the weapons of all her army: a taunt which he would willingly have retracted, when routed and taken prisoner by the very woman whom he affected to despise.

we include the period of her regency, in the 30th of her reign, leaving the three kingdoms to the quiet possession of her successor, Eric of Pomerania; and to her subjects the regret of her loss, by the experience of those calamities which broke in upon the state when the sceptre was wielded by a less able hand.

Bridget Bostock.

During the season of miracles worked by Bridget Bostock of Cheshire, who healed all diseases by prayer, faith, and an embrocation of fasting spittle, multitudes resorted to her from all parts, and kept her salival glands in full employ. Sir John Pryce, with a high spirit of enthusiasm, wrote to this wonderful woman to make him a visit at Newton Hall, in order to restore to him his third and favorite wife. His letter will best tell the foundation on which he built his strange hope, and very uncommon request.

Purport of Sir John Pryce's Letter to Mrs. Bridget Bostock, 1748.

"Madam,

"Having received information by repeated advices, both public and private, that you have of late performed many wonderful cures, even where the best physicians have failed; and that the means used appear to be very inadequate to the effects produced; I cannot but look upon you as an extraordinary and high-favored person. And why may not the same most merciful God, who enables you to restore sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and strength to the lame, also enable you to raise the dead to life? Now, having lately lost a wife, whom I most tenderly loved, my children an excellent step-mother, and our acquaintances a very valuable friend, you will lay us all under the highest obligations: and I earnestly entreat you, for God Almighty's sake, that you will put up your petitions to the throne of grace on our behalf, that the deceased may be restored to us, and the late Dame Eleanor

Eleanor Pryce be raised from the dead.—If your personal attendance appears to you to be necessary, I will send my coach and six, with proper servants, to wait on you hither, whenever you please to appoint.—Recompence of any kind, that you could propose, would be made with the utmost gratitude; but I wish the bare mention of it is not offensive to both God and you.

I am, Madam,
Your most obedient, and very
much afflicted humble servant,
JOHN PRYCE."

WILHELMINA, PRINCESS OF WOLFENBUTTLE.

Wilhelmina, Princess of Wolfenbuttle, it is well known, was married at a very early period of life to the brutal son of Peter the Great; but the remaining part of her story has hitherto been buried in oblivion. This Princess had often endeavored in vain, by her mild and graceful manners, as well as amiable virtues, to soften the ferocity of her husband, who at three different times attempted to poison her; but she escaped by the use of proper remedies. One day this barbarian, meeting her in one of his inhuman fits, when she was in the eighth month of her pregnancy, gave her repeated kicks on the belly, left her for dead, and, having feasted his eyes with the horrid spectacle, retired perfectly satisfied to one of his country seats. The Countess of Koenigsmark, and some other friends to the unhappy lady, directly formed a plan for her deliverance. With this view they declared she was actually dead, and received orders from her savage husband to bury her without ceremony or noise. The Countess and her friends put a log of wood into the coffin, for which all Europe went into mourning, and secretly conveyed the injured Princess out of the country. She soon after arrived at Paris, went from thence incognito, with a colony of Germans, to

Louisiana, and, after a variety of adventures and sufferings in that distant part of the globe, married a French officer at New Orleans, with whom she returned to Paris, and a short time after accompanied him to the Isle of Bourbon. After the death of this officer, the fair adventurer embarked for Europe, and lived a retired life at Brussels, supported by a pension from the House of Brunswick.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS, and REMARKABLE CURIOSITIES of various Kinds, in several Parts of ENGLAND, pointed out.

DEVONSHIRE.

THE southern part of Devonshire is remarkable for its cyder. In order to ensure a good fruit harvest, the following custom is generally kept up in that quarter. On the eve of the Epiphany, the farmer, attended by his workmen with a large pitcher of cyder, goes to the orchard, and then encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast three several times:

Here's to thee, old apple tree;
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow!
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full!
And *my* pockets full too!
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

This done, they return to the house, the doors of which they are sure to find bolted by the females, who, be the weather what it may, are inexorable to all entreaties to open them, till some one among them has guessed upon what is on the spit, which is generally some nice little thing difficult to be hit on, and is the reward of him who first names it. The doors are then thrown

thrown open, and the lucky clodpole receives the tid-bit as his recompence. Some are so superstitious as to believe, that if they neglect this custom, the trees will bear no apples that year.

HYTHE CHURCH, KENT.

The parish church of Hythe is seated high above the town, on the rising grounds: it is a large and venerable pile, dedicated to St. Leonard; once conventual, and belonging 'sumtyme to a fayr abbay,' says Leland; which is all we know of it: At present it is only a chapel to Saltwood. There is much singularity in and about the church; such as passages cut through the five great buttresses, a strange grotesque face over one of the doors, and a door with a neat moulded arch on the south side, now almost buried in the earth, possibly a way to the crypt or sub-chapel, by which, Leland tells us, the religious people came in at midnight. Within is a vast flight of steps from the nave to the chancel, and a neat gallery round the sides, with Gothic arches, divided by a pillar. The windows at the end of the chancel are three, narrow and Gothic, with the most elegant slender and lofty pillars on each side ever seen. The whole of the building is Gothic, one round arch excepted, which shows that there must have been, prior to this, a church perhaps founded in Norman days.

Under the chancel is a great vault, with a neat Gothic door opening to the church-yard, full of sculls and other bones, nicely sorted and piled: these are conjectured to have belonged to some Danish pirates, who, having landed on the shore, had been defeated with great slaughter, and their bones left to be bleached by external exposure to heat and cold upon the naked beach; they are certainly of uncommon whiteness. There is not far from Hythe, a spot called Marrow-bone Field; possibly from having been the place where the slaughter was made, and the bones in after-times collected.

THE

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER V.

An Adventure—The unsuspecting Husband—
The best Wife in the World!—and an important Trust.

SIX months passed away happily in London: not a gratification could be imagined, but was procured by the affectionate Howard for his Eliza; and his efforts to attach her to him, were not ineffectual. Lady Torpid engaged her continually in gay parties. Mrs. Villars was an amusive sprightly companion; Emma Howard the beloved participator of her domestic pleasures: but the calls of fashion, interest, or duty, soon separated the social party. Sir Tancred could not exist from Scarborough, and his now obedient lady attended him. A recent legacy, bequeathed to young Villars, made his presence in Gloucestershire necessary; and some purposed improvements on Howard's estate, caused him to hint a wish for their return to Devon. Eliza immediately expressed her readiness to accompany him, and they set out in a post-chaise early in the month of April. It was their intention to sleep at Bath; but they had not proceeded many miles from Chippenham, when a wheel fell off, and the chaise was overturned down a steep bank. It was already dark, and Eliza shrieked with terror: but as Howard was on the side next the ground, he could afford her no assistance. The postillion leaped from his horse, and restrained the animals from dashing the chaise to pieces. Still he could not leave them; and Eliza, with much difficulty, succeeded in extricating herself: but vainly endeavored to raise Howard, who groaned with pain. The postillion hallood aloud, but no voice returned an answer; and it was so totally

dark, that they could scarcely distinguish their situation. Drenched by a heavy shower of rain, which now fell, Eliza stood trembling, using her utmost exertion to hold the horses, while the postillion released them from the carriage, and fastened them to a tree. At that moment the sound of horses' feet approaching, revived the sinking spirits of Mrs. Howard; and again the man loudly called for help. The sound came nearer, and a gentleman on horseback, attended by his servant, arrived at the unlucky spot. They alighted to offer assistance. Agitation had by this time rendered Eliza senseless; and the gentleman gave her into the arms of his servant, while he assisted to raise Howard from the shattered vehicle. His arm was broken, and his body much bruised. "Where is my wife?" were his first words. "She is safe, Sir," replied the stranger. "I hope we shall be able to convey you to my house, where I shall be happy to afford you any accommodation in my power. It is but down a short lane, and my servant has already escorted the lady thither. Indeed, to tell you the truth, her situation was such as required immediate care." "Is she hurt?" cried Howard, in alarm. "Only much terrified, I hope," replied the benevolent gentleman; "and the next village is too far distant to procure any timely aid. Come, Sir, let us carry you. My boy is coming; he will take charge of the horses." Howard could not object. Eliza was waiting at the door to receive him; but the moment lights were brought, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at beholding her husband in the arms of Warren! But alarm and tender compassion for him superceded every other sensation. Mrs. Warren soon appeared; but her excessive sensibility and nervous weakness rendered her presence rather troublesome than otherwise; and Warren rather coolly begged her to retire, and compose herself, which injunction she very readily complied with. Howard was put to bed; a surgeon sent for; and Eliza, after taking some warm wine,

wine, insisted on sitting by him through the night. Her active attentions now endeared her more than ever to Howard; and Warren could not but perceive that, though blessed with what his friends and himself had hitherto called the "best wife in the world," chearful assiduity was preferable to pathetic lamentation or importunate fondness. Mrs. Warren, in fact, possessed but the affectation of feeling, nor was her sensibility ever so lively as when herself was concerned; and an habitual weakness of constitution made her think lightly of the sufferings of others. Her mind was vacant, her manners childish; and the early indulgence of a fond husband gave rise to caprices ridiculous and wearisome. If a door shut unusually loud, an hysteric fit ensued: if the wind shook the casement, palpitations and tremors were the consequence: if her child cried in her hearing, she was sure to have a nervous head-ach the whole day: and the barking of a dog, or firing a gun, was sure to cause her to faint away. Warren was the slave of her whims; but his understanding condemned what his good-nature yielded to prejudice. By early prepossession, he saw not her faults, till he, by indulgence, increased them, and then it was too late to retract; though he was astonished to find gentleness changed to imbecility, smiling affection to childish caresses, and artless gaiety to absurdity and caprice. Her household was neglected, her child slighted, her husband the repository of her peevish complaints, or ridiculous confidence; for trifles alone occupied her notice, and momentary diversion her only care; and Warren with pain perceived that in Louisa simplicity was nearly allied to folly. Eliza, though not fearful of her own heart, mixed little with the family, and studiously avoided any interview with Warren. She could not but perceive the failings of his wife, and wondered that such a man as Warren could have been so mistaken in his choice. One day, when Howard was almost restored to perfect health, Eliza occupied herself in writing to some of her corres-

pondents, particularly an answer to a very amusing letter written by Emma, whose epistles were strewed on the table before her, while little Louisa was endeavoring to decypher the characters on the covers. While she was writing Warren entered: she would have removed the papers, but he begged her to continue her employment, as he had a newspaper to read; adding, "Mr. Howard has promised to try a little walk with me before dinner. I hope he will find benefit from it; and, indeed, Eliza, I think you injure your own health by your close attendance. But how are all our friends in town? I have not heard from my sister lately. She once was a punctual correspondent; but marriage alters some people strangely: do not you think so, Mrs. Howard?" He sighed: Eliza smiled. "I have just had a letter from Emma Herbert: she speaks of Mrs. Villars in several places; there is nothing else material: you may read it." Warren took Louisa on his knee, and drew his chair closer to the table, at the same time extending his hand for the letter, which she gave him. Without opening the inclosure, he began to read. Eliza expected some comment, and raised her eyes to his face: it was red as scarlet: his hand trembled, and his eye was fixed on the carpet with a look of deep thought. Wondering what could occasion such evident perturbation, Mrs. Howard was about to speak, when the door opened, and her husband entered. She rose to give him a seat; and now the confusion of Warren became more obvious. Howard did not want penetration, and readily perceived that something had disordered him. Advancing, he said, "May I ask what discomposes your countenance thus, Mr. Warren? I hope my entrance has not been unseasonable." Again Warren colored, but spoke not, and began folding the letter with much seeming assiduity. "Oh," said Eliza, slightly, "some badinage of Mrs. Herbert, I imagine: It is her last letter: but really I do not recollect. Take it, Howard, and see if you can find the

the cause of our friend's embarrassment." Howard had only spoken in jest, and now offered to take the letter, which Warren crumpled in his hand. "Madam,—Mrs. Howard!" said he falteringly, "permit me to burn this letter. A mistake, I am sure; it was not intended for my eye. Mr. Howard, you must not—" "Must not, Sir!" repeated Howard steadily, regarding him while with trepidation he thrust the letter between the bars; but the fire was dead, and did not consume it; and Eliza, with much presence of mind, snatched it from the grate, astonished at a scene she could in no way account for, till glancing her eye over it, she perceived that she had given him the letter in which Emma remonstrated with her on her encouraging a hopeless passion for Warren. It was now her turn to be confused. "I did not—Indeed, I did not intend that letter for you, Sir.—It is mere idle nonsense. Louisa has mixed my letters, and occasioned this strange mistake. But, Sir," added she, with her accustomed dignity, "I have no wish to conceal it from Mr. Howard." But the paleness of her lips as she spoke, shewed it to be a painful effort. She held the letter open towards him; he took it deliberately, looked in her face, pressed her hand as he received it, and smiling said, "Neither, my love, have I any desire to pry into the secrets of your female correspondents. The signature of Emma Villars assures me there is a love secret: the lady is now married; and the secret is out. You should be more careful of the confidence reposed in you. Here, let us put a stop to further accidents." Saying this, he composedly thrust it into the midst of the flames; while Eliza felt relieved from a weight of anxiety, and grateful for his moderation, which had given so favorable a turn to suspicious appearances.

The perfectly re-instated health of Mr. Howard now induced them to hasten their departure. Nor did Mrs. Warren feel any concern at their declared intention of quitting the hospitable rectory. She had

suffered the stings of envy to enter her bosom, and beheld Mrs. Howard with a jealous eye, though vanity whispered her own personal triumph. Whatever were the feelings of Warren, he appeared perfectly indifferent to the event. Little Louisa alone expressed poignant concern at the idea of separation; she fondly hung on Eliza's neck; she could just lisp her name, and a few casual words, among which "Going away" was now the principal; and she seemed fully to comprehend the meaning of the sentence. Eliza beheld the child with admiration: she possessed all her mother's delicate beauty, with her father's exquisite expression of feature, and with feelings almost maternal. Mrs. Howard clasped her to her bosom at parting, and with delight anticipated the hour when she too would become a mother; an hour not far distant from her fond hopes; for within a few months after her return to Devonshire, she gave birth to a lovely female infant, who was named Emma. In the sweet endearments of conjugal and maternal affections, two years passed away. Eliza knew not a wish beyond her home; and if her thoughts even wandered to the rectory, it was but with the purest rectitude of idea, and the philanthropic effusion of friendship. Her daughter grew like her in person and manner; and Howard knew no delight beyond the society of his amiable wife and beloved child. But an affecting incident soon occasioned them a temporary interruption of their momentary tranquillity. Late one winter's evening a chaise stopped at their gate, from which alighted Warren, who led his daughter by the hand into the house, and requested to see Mr. Howard. Surprised at this unseasonable visit, Howard hastened to meet him. His looks were wild, his accent tremulous, when catching the extended hand of Howard, he exclaimed, "Pardon, dear Sir, this intrusion: the anxiety of a father is my only excuse. Behold this innocent child deserted by an unfeeling mother. I would place in you an important trust. Oh, be a guardian to my girl, and I will bless you."

Mr.

Mr. Howard heard him with astonishment, and used every argument to quiet his perturbation of mind; then cautiously enquired the particulars of the extraordinary affair to which Warren alluded. He clasped his hands in agitation, and a tear of agony trembled in his eye. "Mr. Howard," said he, "pity and bear with my sorrows. I once loved my wife fervently, ardently: her beauty won on my senses; and the wishes of my family were sanctioned by my own inclinations: but I too soon perceived I had wedded a form without a mind. I buried my regrets in my own bosom, and sought to improve what it was too late to perfect: but cold indifference damped my ardor, and I relinquished an unprofitable pursuit. Your recent visit opened a new train of perplexities: Mrs. Warren gave way to the most unjustifiable jealousy, which every effort of mine served but to augment. I took her to London; there she yielded to a degree of gaiety, of which I had never before perceived a symptom. I cannot dwell on the particulars. She formed an acquaintance without my knowledge, which led to a connection the most dishonorable. I remonstrated before I knew the extent of her fault: I prepared for our return; but my wife fled from my protection with her seducer, and abandoned this helpless infant. This step has destroyed my love, my confidence for ever. But she shall not live in infamy: I will, if possible, bring her to a sense of shame for her misconduct. She is still my wife, and I cannot abandon her to infamy, without one effort to reclaim, to save her. She has flown to the continent with the villain who betrayed her: I will pursue her; and my heart will be at comparative ease, if you will suffer me to leave my child under your protection, if you will accept the legal office of guardian during my absence; for where could I consign her with such advantage to herself, as to the care of your excellent wife? Oh! Howard, you possess the estimable treasure of a virtuous enlightened woman." Mrs. Howard just then entered, and her husband repeated the

heads

heads of their discourse. Eliza took the child in her arms, who, terrified at the strange scene, sobbed aloud. "Yes, love, I will be a mother to thee," sighed she, as she kissed her burning cheeks: "you shall be the dearly loved companion of my Emma. Then fearing her enthusiasm might be misconstrued, she turned to Mr. Howard, saying, "Shall we not adopt this innocent, Mr. Howard? Ah, I see by that smile, you do not disapprove;" and she hastened with Louisa to the nursery, where she left her, and returned to prepare some refreshment for Warren. Howard was not unmindful of the debt of gratitude, or the rites of hospitality; and Warren departed from his house much more tranquil than he had entered it; though no persuasions could induce him to stop the night at Howard Lodge. He promised to write soon, and left them, while their best wishes followed him. As he pursued his solitary journey, a variety of painful reflections occupied his thoughts. He beheld in Mrs. Howard all those virtues he had once reckoned upon possessing in another: he recollected her early attachment to him, and lamented the prejudice which had led him to repay her lively friendship with cool indifference: but a self-approving sensation cheered his soul, that he had never deviated from the strictest integrity in his conduct towards her, or acted contrary to his established principles of honor. He had ever admired her manners, respected her sentiments, and thought highly of her understanding; but he had since had opportunities of beholding her in those scenes where her domestic virtues gained the entire approbation of his heart, virtues which by a fatal contrast he now knew fully to appreciate. Meanwhile Louisa became reconciled to her new situation: she had seldom experienced a mother's fondness, and she soon ceased to remember her who bore the appellation; but her father's name was ever on her lips; and every instance of kind indulgence shewn her by Mrs. Howard, made her express a grateful wish, "that her dear papa could see how good

her

her new mamma was to her!" Mr. Howard, too, soon began to feel for her an affection little short of what he experienced towards his own: indeed, her many engaging ways endeared her to all the household. Among the numerous letters Mrs. Howard received from her friends, the following is only necessary to be transcribed.

Lady Torpid to Mrs. Howard.

"Well, my worthy matron, strange changes happen in this eventful world. Here am I, the remains of the once gay, beautiful Harriet Franklin, metamorphosed into a Baronet's Lady, sitting in a plain callico dress, with a huge morning cap, vigilantly rocking the cot of a son, born, I hope, to inherit the virtues and honors of the noble Sir Tancred Torpid. You cannot imagine what a tame creature I am: my paint is thrown away; my jewels are laid aside; my loud, rattling voice is altered to a lisping lullaby; and yet I exist, aye, and happily too. Sir Tancred is grown sprightly and animated; he plays the flute to amuse little Alonzo, (for I insisted on his having that sweet name,) and very often tosses the poor little creature about till I am terrified for its limbs; and he moreover declares he is even more amusing than Ponto. You must know Alonzo is very much like Sir Tancred, which is one reason for his preference, you know. Mrs. Villars called on me the other day, and brought me intelligence which shocked me greatly, and made me thank heaven for my fortunate escape. Poor Warren! I pity him much. You know I never admired his doll-like wife. He is now, I believe, persuaded of the truth of what I once told him, that *simplicity* is not always the security of virtue. But who would have thought of her falling into the hands of that wretch Colonel Midgely? Oh, Eliza, from what a snare did I escape! If any thing could serve more firmly to bind me to the path of rectitude, this new example would effectually do it.

I cannot

I cannot write more at present. Sir Tancred has brought a book to read to me; you cannot think how he improves. Devoutly do I wish you could take a peep at us just now; I am sure you would smile; but it would be a smile of satisfaction. Oh, I must tell you that Mrs. Warren the Elder is no more; an event the family have little cause to regret; as Henry has long been in trifling misunderstandings with his father on her account, and her extravagance has greatly tended to embarrass their finances. Had this occurred sooner, it is probable Warren might have longer delayed his union with Louisa. But who can anticipate? Adieu, my friend: I leave you for the preparation of pap, the rattling of a coral, and the melodious accents of Sir Tancred, who begs my attention to a chapter of Mrs. More's Strictures. Oh, wonderful alteration!—Adieu, adieu.

H. TORPID."

Eliza laughed at this whimsical epistle; but she was rejoiced to find that Harriet was happy in the performance of her maternal duties. Howard partook of her satisfaction, and again their days passed on in their usual tranquillity.

(To be concluded in the next.)

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF GRATITUDE IN AN INDIAN.

AN Indian, who had not met with his usual success in hunting, wandered down to a plantation among the back settlements in Virginia, and seeing a Planter at his door, asked for a morsel of bread, for he was very hungry. The Planter bid him be gone, for he would

would give him none. 'Will you give me then a cup of your beer?' said the Indian. 'No; you shall have none here,' replied the Planter. 'But I am very faint,' said the Savage; 'Will you give me only a draught of cold water?' 'Get you gone, you Indian dog; you shall have nothing here,' said the Planter. It happened some months after that the Planter went on a shooting party up into the woods, where, intent upon his game, he missed his company, and lost his way, and night coming on, he wandered through the forest, till he espied an Indian wigwam. He approached the Savage's habitation, and asked him to shew him the way to a plantation on that side the country. 'It is too late for you to go there this evening, Sir,' said the Indian; 'but if you will accept of my homely fare, you are welcome.' He then offered him some venison, and such other refreshment as his store afforded; and having laid some bear skins for his bed, he desired that he would repose himself for the night, and he would awake him early in the morning, and conduct him on his way. Accordingly in the morning they set off, and the Indian led him out of the forest, and put him in the road he was to go; but just as they were taking leave, he stepped before the Planter, and turning round, staring full in his face, bid him say, whether he recollected his features. The Planter was now struck with shame and horror, when he beheld in his kind protector, the Indian whom he had so harshly treated. He confessed that he knew him, and was full of excuses for his brutal behaviour; to which the Indian only replied, 'When you see poor Indians fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, 'Get you gone, you Indian dog!' The Indian then wished him well on his journey, and left him. It is not difficult to say which of these two had the best claim to the name of Christian.

A REMARKABLE

A
REMARKABLE INSTANCE
OF
HUMANITY.

A NATIVE of Holland, who had lived from his early youth a rural life in the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, happened to be on horseback on the coast, at the very point of time that a vessel was shipwrecked by a dreadful tempest: the greatest part of the crew perished in the waves; the remainder were struggling with death on the shattered planks that still floated on the surface of the water: no boat could be sent out in such a dreadful storm for the deliverance of these poor people: the humane and intrepid Hollander undertakes to save them; he blows brandy into the nostrils of his horse, and fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, he plunges into the sea, and gaining the wreck, brings back to the shore two men of the crew, each of whom held by one of his boots. In this manner he went and returned seven times, and thus saved fourteen of the passengers. But the eighth time (and here the generous heart will almost fail) on his return, a rapid and immense surge overset his horse: the heroic rider lost his seat, and was swallowed up with the two unfortunate victims he was endeavoring to snatch from death. What exit could be more glorious than that of this generous man? We celebrate the chiefs who expire in the field of battle, among the victims they have been sacrificing; and if their motives are just and spirited, let them have their glory! but we cannot help contemplating with a more pleasing kind of admiration this intrepid man, dying in an attempt to save his fellow creatures from destruction.

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY's LAP-DOG.

[Continued from page 257.]

IT is impossible to convey an idea of the disgust and antipathy which Lady Priscilla's behaviour had inspired; and the bare possibility of passing my life with such a character, created a degree of abhorrence which I should find it difficult to reveal. Who could have believed that, under the appearance of humanity, a heart that never felt its soft influence was concealed? and that an ostentatious desire of *appearing benevolent*, supplied the place of charity in her breast?

Though I had little reason to regret the death of Mrs. Lambert, yet her character appeared amiable, contrasted with Lady P——'s; and I determined, rather than end my days under the care of such a woman, at the first opportunity to make my escape; although I was aware that, by such a proceeding, I should run the risk of endangering my life. About three weeks after the news of the death of Mrs. Lambert had reached us, the sable widower unexpectedly arrived; and as I was walking with her Ladyship in the park when the carriage entered, it was impossible for her to fabricate the intended tale; and I felt delighted at the idea of being restored to the protection of a master, whom I had every reason to admire. Though it was impossible for him to have felt any exquisite concern for the loss of a woman, whose whole conduct had been under the influence of caprice, yet, as he believed she was tenderly attached to him, it was natural for him to have been shocked at her death; but I could not perceive any of those marks of real affliction, which were so strongly depictured when his sister died.

After the usual salutation of meeting was over, her Ladyship expressed a hope that my master would not take me away; and as he paused a few moments before he answered the question, the most alarming

apprehensions took possession of my mind; which, however, were soon happily removed, by hearing him assure her, that he never intended to part from me again: "For though, my dear aunt," said he, "I thought it right to indulge poor Amelia's caprices, yet I informed her I should have the little animal home again as soon as she was well; as every promise that I made my beloved sister, I am determined most sacredly and religiously to fulfil!"

To this resolve respecting my future destination, Lady Priscilla made no reply; but her countenance was completely expressive of the displeasure which my master's determination had produced. For my part, I felt so delighted at the conversation, that I knew not how to express my joy, and immediately began frisking about him; but the entrance of company prevented him from paying attention to my tricks.

As her Ladyship's acquaintance knew the most certain way to please her, was to caress the animal of which she appeared the most fond, I always received some mark of their attention as soon as the ladies had taken a seat. "My sweet little Fidelle," said one of the party, kissing me with as much fondness as if I had been her child, "why, you really grow more lovely every time I see you. I never beheld such a beauty in my life!" "Do you know, Miss Dawson," said her Ladyship, "that my nephew's so inhuman as to resolve to take the dear creature away; though I have been telling him I really am so attached to the little animal, that I cannot bear to have her out of my sight!" "Oh, you barbarian!" exclaimed Miss Dawson, tapping Mr. Lambert on the shoulder with her fan. "But what vexes me," continued his artful relation, "is, that I am persuaded she will *be lost*; for since she has been with me, I assure you, my dear Madam, she has ran away three different times."

This was an assertion so completely unfounded, that I heard it with an astonishment greater than can be conceived; and could not imagine for what purpose

she had accused me of a fault which I had never felt inclined to commit. As the conversation not only turned upon *my beauty*, but that of the different species of the canine race, my master soon appeared to grow weary of it, and informed her Ladyship, he was going to take a walk; and as soon as the company departed, she snatched me up in her arms, and carried me into the housekeeper's room.—"Richardson," said she, in an unaccustomed tone of good nature, "do you know my nephew is determined to take this darling dog away? But a thought has just occurred to my imagination, and I am positively determined that the dear little thing shall stay. Then desiring the submissive woman to carry me to the house of her relation, promised to give them two guineas for keeping me till Mr. Lambert left the Hall, on condition that I was never suffered to go beyond the bounds of the cottage, and none of the inferior servants made acquainted with the place of my retreat.

The person into whose care her Ladyship intended to consign me, was at that time in her debt for half a year's rent; and though, from necessity, he was obliged to receive me, he could not help feeling ashamed of the deed, as Mrs. Richardson informed him her Lady intended telling Mr. Lambert I had ran after him when he left the room to take a walk. The two guineas was merely to be a reward for their trouble, as all my food was to be sent from the Hall, which the housekeeper was to convey early every morning, and to make a second visit as soon as it grew dark. From her I discovered that Mr. Lambert had believed the fabrication of his aunt's brain, and actually imagined he had seen me with him some time after he began his walk. The idea that I had been lost from want of attention, was extremely mortifying to his mind; and he immediately ordered hand-bills to be circulated, promising ten guineas reward, and stating that a prosecution would be instituted, if it was discovered that I was detained. The poor man no sooner heard of

the danger he was exposed to, than he implored his relation to let me be removed, declaring he would not have it discovered that I was in his family, if any body would give him fifty pounds.

Mrs. Richardson, however, assured him, there could be no danger, if he did but keep me closely confined; and alarmed him, by saying, that if he offended her Lady, she would immediately compel him to pay his rent. This the poor man knew was beyond his abilities, as during the last half year he had been near three months confined, and this deprivation of exertion had been the means of involving him in debts to the amount of fifteen pounds, which he had no means of discharging, but by the labor of his hands.

A few miles from her Ladyship's residence, a friend of my master's had lately purchased a country seat, and they were invited to pass a few days with him before Mr. Lambert returned to town. As her Ladyship never travelled without two or three of her favorites in the carriage, her nephew informed her he should ride; and as they were under the necessity of passing my detainer's cottage, he was particularly desired to keep his prisoner close. My place of confinement was the cottager's sleeping room, of which his wife kept the key; and, except when Mrs. Richardson brought my victuals, I never saw a soul all day. Near a week had passed in this solitary durance, when I heard my master was expected to pass the house; the only hope I had of obtaining my liberty, was from his attention being arrested by my cries. One of the poor woman's neighbours was extremely ill at this period, and she used always to visit her two or three times a day; and, fortunately for me, she happened to be absent at the time I concluded my master would set out. The window of the room was generally open; and under it stood a little stool, which, by jumping upon, and standing erect, I was just high enough to peep out. I had remained in this position until my legs were weary, and my spirits quite depresssed,

pressed, from fancying my master had passed, when, joy to all my hopes, I had the felicity of seeing him approach the cottage at the slowest pace. I instantly gave the pre-determined signal, and made the humble dwelling ring with my cries, when, casting up his eyes, he easily discerned me; and I had the happiness of seeing him immediately alight. At that moment my hostess returned from her sick neighbour, and, in a voice of alarm and apprehension, begged to know what his Honor would be pleased to have.

"Have you never seen any of these papers?" enquired Mr. Lambert sternly, and putting one of the bills into her hand. "But your countenance," continued he, looking at her, "informs me that *you have*. However, this instant fetch my little dog to me, and prepare for a visit from Mr. Best."

Mr. Best was an attorney in the neighbourhood, who had advised my master to issue the hand-bills, not so much from the wish of restoring me to him, as from the hope of getting a job. That I had been found by the master or mistress of the cottage, Mr. Lambert did not entertain a doubt; and that they had kept me under the idea of a higher reward being offered, appeared a circumstance equally true. My joy at again beholding my protector may be more easily imagined than described; when, taking me in his arms, he delivered me to the servant, desiring him to convey me to the Hall, and to beg Richardson would not let me during the day out of her sight.

As the man was conveying me to my destined habitation, who should we meet but Mr. Best! and no sooner did he see me, than he eagerly demanded how I had been discovered, and by whom detained. No sooner did he hear the cottager's name mentioned, than his countenance was overspread with a malicious smile. "Oh, I never," said he, "could bear that hypocritical rascal, and always knew that at the bottom the fellow was a rogue! However, he shall pay dearly for the discovery, I can promise him. How

many days was the dog detained in his house?" From farther conversation, which passed between the lawyer and my conductor, I found the former owed the poor fellow some pique, and was delighted in having an opportunity of gratifying his feeling with the passion of revenge.

As soon as Mrs. Richardson beheld me, she expressed her alarms for her cousin, towards whom she knew Best had an invincible dislike, from his having refused to bear testimony against one of his neighbours, whom the oppressive insolence of the lawyer had induced him to assault; and though he happened to see the man strike him, neither threats or persuasion would induce him to speak; in consequence of which, Best took a violent antipathy against him, and declared he would be revenged whenever it was in his power.

Mrs. Richardson no sooner received me from the hands of the servant, than she resolved to inform Robson of the discovery that had been made, and persuade him not to return to his own habitation, until she found out how my master intended to act in the affair; but just as we were going, a carriage drove up the avenue, and she was obliged to prepare refreshments for some of her Ladyship's friends, who had come with an intention of spending the day with her, and staid some time for the purpose of letting the horses bait. Just as we were making a second attempt to reach the cottage, Lady Priscilla unexpectedly arrived. She had heard from her nephew of my restoration, and was fearful Robson would discover *all*, for the purpose of clearing himself. Richardson was immediately dispatched to her relation, with a promise to reward him most liberally, if he would say I had strayed to his house; and as I had been particularly entrusted to her protection, she resolved to take me in her arms.

Before we entered the cottage, we heard the sound of voices, one of which I easily discovered to be Best's; and as the housekeeper was anxious to know whether

whether her cousin had betrayed her Lady's confidence, she stopped for the purpose of hearing what was said. "You *stole* the dog, you rascal!" exclaimed the furious lawyer; "and I am ordered, by my client, to prosecute you for the *theft*." "I did *not steal* her, Sir," replied the alarmed Robson; "and I don't believe that his Honor would go for to *ruin* a poor man." "How came you by her, then?" enquired his antagonist; "and how dare you to detain her when you knew to whom she belonged?" "I meant no harm to his Honor, as I hope for mercy; and I intended to take her back to his aunt." "Yes, yes; this tale will be believed in a court of justice. But come, Sir," continued Best, "you must go to my house." At that moment Mrs. Richardson entered the cottage, and poor Robson's courage appeared to revive. The generous part he had acted in not betraying by what method I had been placed in his hands, determined her to persuade Best not to do any thing in the business until he had heard the opinion of the Lady at the Hall; and whispering a few words of comfort in the ear of her relation, she returned home with the utmost speed, accompanied by the lawyer, who was exulting in the idea of obtaining revenge, and getting a job.

As soon as her Ladyship found how nobly Robson had behaved on the occasion, she promised his cousin that she would never take a farthing of rent for his house; and sending up for the lawyer, she told him that her nephew never meant to give himself any trouble in the affair; and that though the hand-bill mentioned an intention to *prosecute*, it was merely with the hope of having the dog returned. However," continued she, "Sir, you have had a great deal of trouble in this business; and I beg you will do me the favor of accepting this note; and if you are not engaged, as it is near the hour of dinner, I shall be glad of your company, if you will stay."

Though

Though the sight of five pounds was but little compensation for not being able to gratify his passion for revenge, yet the fear of offending a lady, on whom he was in a great measure dependent, induced him to conceal the mortification he felt; and the idea of dining with a person so much his superior, afforded the highest gratification to his mind. As soon as Mr. Best had taken his departure, Richardson was again dispatched to her kinsman's with the two guineas which had been promised him for keeping me, and a note from her Ladyship, to inform him, that she should not in future receive his rent, but that he was welcome to inhabit his cottage for as many years as she might live.

This unexpected piece of good fortune was highly gratifying to the poor man's mind, and his grateful heart acknowledged the goodness of Providence in bestowing upon him such unexpected relief.

Though I had frequently seen proofs of the capriciousness of her Ladyship's disposition, yet I had not witnessed any towards myself; but, from the moment that her partiality had been likely to expose her character, she seemed to view me with a dislike that was bordering upon hatē; and when my master expressed an intention of going the following week to London, she never even hinted that she wished he would allow me to stay.

It is impossibe to describe the real gratification I experienced, when I found myself seated in the carriage that was to convey me from the Hall; but nothing material occurred during our journey, and on the following morning we arrived in town. "Any letters, James?" said my master, as he opened the door of the carriage. "Yes, Sir," replied the man; "there is one just arrived by the post." "Oh!" he exclaimed, upon viewing the direction, "what, my lovely cousin not yet sailed!" He opened the letter with a degree of pleasure in his countenance, which was changed into melancholy upon perusing the first line; and

and when he came to the close, he threw himself upon the sofa, exclaiming, "Dear, amiable, and affectionate girl!" Then calling up the housekeeper, who had formerly lived with Mr. Worthington, he put the following letter into her hands.

To —— Lambert, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You, who know my affection for my father, will form some opinion of what I endure, when I tell you that for the last fortnight he has not even been out of his bed, and that the physicians have this day informed me, they entertain but very faint hopes of his life.

Whether the fatigue he underwent in making preparations for this appointment have been greater than he was able to bear, or whether the fever has been any time lurking in his constitution, is what the faculty do not seem able to explain; but, from the time of our arrival at Portsmouth, he certainly has been far from well; and on the day the ship sailed which was to have conveyed us to our place of destination, my beloved father took to his bed. I should have written to you, my dear cousin, upon the first symptom of his illness, had I not known how much anxiety you have lately endured; but my dear father has this day expressed a desire to see you, for the purpose of arranging some necessary alterations in his affairs. Oh! if I am destined to lose this dear parent, how shall I be able to support the stroke! Oh, Lambert! I conjure you, offer up your prayers for his recovery, and bring with you from London some physician of note.

Adieu! Fly to us immediately, if you have a grain of pity for your wretched friend,

ELIZA WORTHINGTON.

"Well, Thompson," said he, as soon as he had read the letter, "I must not lose a moment of time; for well do I know the anxious situation of that amiable creature's mind; and I have only to hope, that Doctor

Doctor B—— will be able to go with me, as I have the highest opinion of his skill. Let James fly to Sackville-Street directly, and learn where I can find him, if he is from home."

My master then desired Mrs. Thompson would be careful of me during his absence; adding, that he never should forgive her if I was lost. But she persuaded him to let me accompany him on the journey, under the pretence that Eliza would be pleased; but I rather think it was that she did not like the trouble, and thought she should get into disgrace, if I was lost. Doctor B—— was fortunately at home when the servant arrived there, and agreed to accompany my master in a couple of hours; and as we travelled with four horses, we arrived at Portsmouth about twelve o'clock the same night. My heart palpitated with fear and apprehension as the carriage stopped at the lodging door; and when my master eagerly enquired after Mr. Worthington, I dreaded to hear the servant's reply.

"My mistress *thinks* him much *better*, Sir," said the servant, with an expressive shake of the head. "But I doubt the doctors are of a different opinion; though this is the first day, for above a fortnight, that he has been out of bed." No sooner did the amiable Eliza hear the door open to us, than, with an agitated step, she descended the stairs. "He is *better!*" she exclaimed; "he has eaten a piece of chicken: but I must prepare him for seeing you before you go up stairs. Oh, Doctor B.—!" continued she, bursting into a flood of anguish, "how anxious am I to know if you think it possible he can live!" Then wiping her tears, and stifling her emotion, she again returned to the sick room.

(To be concluded in the next.)

FORTITUDE

Inspired by Filial Fondness, exemplified in the Conduct of MADEMOISELLE CAZOTTE.

AMIDST the various ties which unite society together, and become antidotes to the pains and misfortunes of life, none ought to be considered so completely binding, as those which exist between the parent and the child. The heart that is alive to grateful emotions, must continually be reverting to the kindness it has received; yet memory cannot extend to a recollection of those anxieties, which, during the days of childhood, the attached parent feels.

That there have been monsters in existence, whose depravity of disposition have absolutely brought *human nature* into disgrace, the historian's pen too fully authenticates; and, to make it the more *shocking*, even in the softer race! With what horror do we turn from the description of that parricide, who instigated her husband to deprive her aged father of his throne; and not only beheld his venerable form mangled by his inhuman murderers, but absolutely drove over it with her chariot wheels!

Amidst all the horrors of the French revolution, it opened a field for the exertion of some of the finest feelings of the heart; and during that fatal period, filial fondness, in particular, was carried to a degree of enthusiasm that was never before displayed. Numerous are the instances of amiable danghters, anxious to purchase existence for the authors of their being, by a resignation of their own; and even the savage multitude, who delighted in bloodshed, have been awed into compassion by the proof of filial love. M. Du Broca's interesting Anecdotes abound with instances of affection, which at once pain and delight; and the one which I shall select for the entertainment of my readers, will prove, that filial tenderness is capable of inspiring magnanimity in the mind.

Mademoiselle

Mademoiselle Cazotte was the only daughter of a gentleman who, at the commencement of the revolution, was seventy-two years of age; and being closely connected with the intendant of the civil list, was from that circumstance unfortunately involved in his fate; for letters of M. Cazotte's were found in La Porte's possession, and the writer of them was sent to prison with his amiable child.

To Mademoiselle in a few days liberty was offered; but she refused it, and obtained permission to remain confined; and the affectionate zeal she testified for her father, united to the eloquent persuasions that she used, so far interested the Marsellois (who were quartered in the prison) in his favor, that they unanimously determined to preserve his life.

Though the ill-fated old man's death was thus unexpectedly prevented through the filial attachment of his amiable child, yet his savage persecutors allowed him but a short enjoyment of existence; for, on the evening of the second of September, they again demanded his life. Mademoiselle Cazotte, hearing her father's name vociferated by voices which appalled every feeling by their sound, instantly rushed out amongst the group of murderers, and undauntedly answered to the name. Her extreme youth, beauty, and courage, struck with astonishment the sanguinary band; and Cruelty itself remained some moments doubtful whether it should fulfil oppressive *Tyranny's command.* "What hast thou done to be *here* with thy daughter?" said one of the foremost to the ill-fated Cazotte. "You will find *that* by the jailor's *book*," replied the prisoner; which informed them, that, for being a *counter-revolutionist*, Cazotte was detained. Scarcely was this report circulated amongst them, than the axe was raised over the unfortunate man's head; which his daughter perceiving, uttered a shriek of horror, and throwing herself upon him, concealed him from their sight.

"Strike,

"Strike, barbarians!" said she, disdaining supplication; "for you cannot reach my father, but through the passage of my heart!" At this astonishing proof of filial affection, hearts which had been strangers to compassion felt the force of Nature's ties; and a shout of *Pardon! Pardon!* issued from the mouths of the surrounding multitude, and was re-echoed by the general voice. The Marsellois instantly opened a passage for them, and the old man retired under the cover of his sacred shield!"

What a tribute was at that moment offered to the social affections! What transitions can exalted virtue produce in the heart! Even barbarism itself seemed to acquire civilization; ferocity became gentleness; and the oppressors were subdued!

After the institution of the criminal tribunal, Cazotte was again destined to feel the force of tyrannic power; again was he arrested, and dragged to a prison; and again, in spite of all entreaties, accompanied by his child. "In the company of *you*, my father," said this amiable daughter, "the most cruel of assassins I have faced; and shall I not be the companion of your *new* misfortune, in which there is much less cause for dread or alarm? The hope of saving *your life* will again support me; and I will shew to your judges a forehead furrowed with age. I will ask them if a man, who has but a few days to linger out among his fellow creatures, may not find *mercy* in the eyes of justice, after having avoided the perils which *you* have escaped? I will enquire if him whose *white hairs* could excite *pity* in the breasts of assassins, could not create it in the hearts of *magistrates*, where *mercy* ought to reside? The voice of Nature will plead; and you will be liberated." "Oh!" said the unfortunate father, "*deceive* not *yourself*, my child!"

Though Cazotte at length agreed that his daughter should accompany him to prison, yet the keeper positively refused to let her in; and, agonized at this unexpected disappointment, she instantly flew to the

commune, and, by the force of tears and supplications, at length had the satisfaction of obtaining consent. Night and day were spent in filial affections, and in endeavors to fortify her father's mind, except those hours when she was trying to induce his judges to use their influence to preserve his life.

When the period arrived which was to decide the destiny of the oppressed and unfortunate Cazotte, he appeared before the tribunal, supported by his amiable daughter, whose interesting appearance excited general applause! Previous to that mock ceremony which was falsely termed a trial, Cazotte had lain injunctions on his daughter *not to speak;* but as they proceeded, the variations of her countenance expressed more than the most eloquent tongue could reveal. Breathless from fear, and pale from apprehension, in all the agony of suspense, she waited to hear the final sentence pronounced; but, unable to support the dreadful conflict of feeling, she was carried apparently lifeless out of the hall!

The moment she had regained the powers of recollection, she requested to be restored to that object whom nature had endeared; but the tears of her friends too fatally convinced her, she was never again destined to be blest with his sight; for execution immediately followed the sentence, and the unfortunate Cazotte was translated to a better life.

ANECDOTE OF A ROMAN SENATOR.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the noble-minded man thus magnanimously replied; "Did I ever tell you that I thought myself *immortal?* My *virtue* is at my *own* disposal; my *life* at *yours.* Act as you will; I shall act as I *ought;* and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all the laurels that you wear!"

FOLLIES

FOLLIES OF A NIGHT;

OR,

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

A SKETCH.

[Continued from page 263.]

"MISS Fitzmurry," resumed the unfortunate Annesley, "well acquainted with the errors of my conduct, positively rejected every proposal which passionate importunity could urge; and while she generously debarred herself of indulgencies, to assist, with pecuniary aid, my unhappy mother, her constrained indifference to me filled me with despair. Once, I am persuaded, she loved me; but I have lost her for ever: our distresses accumulate; and a prison will soon be the only shelter my poor mother can obtain. I have lost every hope of getting employment; and the prospect of life now seems to me but a scene of misery, which no self-approving thought encourages me to support." Lord Anglesford reproved his despondency, and assured him, that those who were willing to exert themselves, need never yield to despair; thus striving to raise in his mind the energy of hope: he then enquired if he had not lately seen Miss Fitzmurry. He sighed, "No: I have heard that Ellinore is about to bestow her hand on her guardian, with the consent of the Earl." Lord Anglesford finding he was ignorant of his daughter's elopement, forbore, at that time, further to distress him. "Well, well," said he, "think no more of this matter. When you are recovered I must find you some employment: the prime of your youth must not be wasted in idleness and murmuring. I hope you are fully sensible how much your own imprudence has cost you: you shall begin the world again, and may yet find that there is much in it worth living for. I have the will and the power to serve you: mean while, your mother

shall not be neglected. Give me her address." Annesley pressed his hand in silent agony, and directed him to Mrs. Nellworthy, in Charles Street, Soho. Lord Anglesford immediately repaired thither, and found the widow in the deepest distress. Active benevolence had not hitherto formed a trait in the Earl's character; but when he beheld the pallid countenance, and care-worn form, of Mrs. Nellworthy, and observed the extreme wretchedness of every surrounding object, he mentally exclaimed, "Do I enjoy affluence, existing singly for myself, while thousands of meritorious objects pine in want and misery, occasioned by the vice and folly of others? Surely heaven has punished me for my misuse of the advantages I possess, by depriving me of my dearest hope. My poor girl may at this hour feel every woe guilt and poverty can inflict, without a friend to assist, to comfort, or to snatch her from perdition. That office belonged to a *parent*, who, misled by *illiberal prejudice*, renounced the *tie of nature*, because *unsanctioned by custom*, and *unenforced* by *law!* Yes, I feel the faults of my daughter may be placed solely to the account of my culpable neglect of a parent's duty." His mind, softened by these reflections, he consoled Mrs. Nellworthy with the kindest assurances of his generous intentions towards her son, and received from her grateful joy, more pleasure than he had ever experienced in the gratification of luxurious extravagance; and left her far more at ease in his own mind, throughout the warm applause of his heart. As he was not far distant from the house of his blue dominoed incognita, he resolved to call, and seek an elucidation of his last night's adventure. Decorum required that he should ask for the lady who owned the mansion; and curiosity to see if the coachman's animadversion had been just, enforced the mandate. He was shewn into an elegantly furnished apartment, the whole appearance of which, to his *experienced judgment*, confirmed the report. But no sooner did Lord Anglesford rise to make his

his salutation to the lady who entered, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell on the ground. "Beliza!" he exclaimed, in extreme agitation, "are you the mistress of this house? Are you the abandoned"—At that moment a beautiful girl entered, who flew to support her fallen friend. Heedless of Lord Anglesford, who gazed on her with a sort of restrained horror, "For mercy's sake, Sir," cried she trembling, "what have you done! Ah! her hands are cold—you have killed her." "The presence of the man she has injured, Madam," said Lord Anglesford, indignantly, "has taken this effect: would to heaven it could recall her to a sense of her infamy." "Infamy!" re-echoed the astonished girl, clasping her hands. "Oh! can I believe the horrid suggestions which dart across my mind! Have pity, Sir, and relieve me from this suspence. My apprehensions are, indeed, terrible." Lord Anglesford grasped her beauteous white hand with convulsive agony; his cheek was pale, his lip quivering. "Are you, tell me," he cried vehemently, "are you related to that woman!" "I am not," returned she energetically; "nor implicated in her guilt, whatever it may be." "I thank you, Madam," replied his Lordship, more composed; "assist the servants to convey her to her chamber. I beg pardon for alarming you, and entreat some further conversation. Your friend revives; you may spare her the sight of me: I will here wait your return." The young lady complied with his request, and soon returned to him." "And now, Madam," said his Lordship, "if you will indulge me, by explaining the nature of your connection with Mrs. —— I will, in turn, be equally candid with you." "Sir," returned the young lady, "I am an unfortunate orphan. I have neither parent or friend, but her whom you accuse as infamous. The only protector I had would have betrayed me but for your interposition. I was consigned to his care by a respected parent: as soon as my age admitted, he professed a warm attachment for me, which the dispa-

rity of our years would have prevented my returning: but, exclusive of that, my heart had already conceived a fatal partiality for another. Under the specious pretext that regard for my reputation instigated him, he removed me from his house to this; he redoubled his kindness to me; and seemed to endeavor, by every possible indulgence, to remove the disgust I began to feel towards him. Having never been at a masquerade, I was much pleased with his proposal of taking me to one; little suspecting the nefarious scheme he had in contemplation. Oh! in that night I should have been sacrificed, but for my fortunate mistake of your person. Having rendered me that essential service, do not, Sir, now desert the unfortunate girl before you. Surely my father, Lord Anglesford, when he knows my situation, will afford me his protection." The Earl, clasping his arms round her enraptured, "He will! he will! my Ellinore," he fondly exclaimed. "Even now you are folded to the throbbing heart of your father." "My father!" cried Ellinore, falling at his feet. "Oh, joyful hour! But, my Lord, have I a mother?" She hid her face on his knee, and wept. Lord Anglesford started on his feet; shame and indignation flushed his cheek. "Ellinore, we must leave this house; you must go home with me. Accursed!—But hold;" and a sudden thought occurred to him. "By what name are you known here." "By that of Byngley, my Lord," said Ellinore. "My guardian represented me as his relation." "Villain!" muttered Lord Anglesford. "But, thank Heaven, Beliza is not the abandoned wretch I thought her!" Ellinore would have bade her farewell; but this his Lordship sternly forbade; and a coach was immediately procured for them. "Ellinore," said Lord Anglesford, after a thoughtful interval, "have you seen Annesley lately?" She blushed. "Indeed, my Lord, I have not: I have never been out without my guardian, who has totally excluded me from all connections with the family: for though I believe I have succeeded

ceeded in obliterating the transient impression, I feel much for his mother's unmerited sufferings." "Believe, Ellinore! be sincere; you will not find me harsh or unjust." He then related to her his interview with Annesley, and all the attendant circumstances; and assured her, that if the young man persevered in his laudable intentions, he would not object to the union. By this time they arrived at the hotel, where Du Frang received the acknowledged child of his Lord with the most profound respect. Annesley was too much rejoiced to be coherent; and Lord Anglesford condescended to advise with him concerning his conduct towards Byngley. "My Lord," said Annesley, warmly, "if I might be permitted to avenge your daughter's insult, my heart will second the enterprise of my arm. My life has been preserved by you; to whom then but you, and yours, can it be dedicated? Your Lordship cannot fight with a domestic." Lord Anglesford paused: he knew that Annesley was beloved by Ellinore, and to her the consequence of a duel must be dreadful. "No," said he; "it must not be. I will write to him myself, Annesley:" and in a few hours his Lordship wrote, and dispatched the following notes; the first of which was copied by Annesley.

"MR. BYNGLEY is desired by the Earl of Anglesford to give in his accounts within the space of ten days from the date hereof; who also advises Mr. B— to quit the metropolis as speedily as possible, if he would avoid the chastisement due to his villainy, while yet in his power. His Lordship's attorney has orders to receive MR. BYNGLEY'S resignation.

"*To Mr. T. Byngley.*" J. ANNESLEY."

"UNHAPPY WOMAN,

"I address you for the last time, to apprise you of the dreadful brink of perdition on which you have lately stood. Tremble, Beliza, when you read, that the girl I have just removed from your house was your own daughter. Heaven has in mercy spared you the horrid crime of her ruin. Oh! if your heart is not yet

yet totally callous, let this be a warning to you; return to a life of comparative virtue; necessity shall not urge you to infamy: independence, nay, affluence, shall be yours, if you will save me from the dreadful pang of thinking myself accessary to your guilt. I seduced you first from honor. Oh! Beliza, let me expiate that crime by leading you back to peace and virtue. The follies of my youth now appear contemptible, for now I feel I am a father. Retire to some spot where no tongue shall reproach, no finger of scorn point at you. Remember that you are a *mother*, and let that reflection strengthen your prudent resolves; then shall you find me your sincere friend.

ANGLESFORD."

Owing to the tender attentions of his mother and Ellinore, Annesley soon recovered, and gratefully received from the Earl the office of steward, which Byngley precipitately resigned, and fled to the continent, impoverished and degraded; for, lulled in imaginary security, he had hitherto neglected to enrich himself by plundering his patron. In the course of a few days the following note was delivered to the Earl while at breakfast.

"MY LORD,

"Deeply sensible as I am of my past guilt, a mere abject confession would make poor atonement. That I have offended against every moral and sacred tie, I am convinced; where, then, can I fly to avoid the whispers of calumny, the finger of scorn?—No where! When I lay my head on my pillow, my ears ring with the sound—'You would have sacrificed an innocent girl to the pollution of a villain.—That girl was your daughter'—Horrible suggestion!—When I meet the virtuous eye of a good parent, mine must seek the earth in shame enough! Life on these terms would be a curse:—I cannot live. My Lord, you have saved your child; for no more dare I call her mine. You have been a libertine: think on my fate, and guard her carefully; guard her youthful years. I mean not to reproach you; for vice must have gained ground in

my

my mind very early, or I should not have become so completely abandoned. I cannot write; the pangs of death come over me. Start not, my Lord—I have taken poison; even now I feel its effects.—I am lost: No power can now save.—Oh, my burning head!—Is this but the beginning of my punishment!—Lord Anglesford, teach Ellinore, your child, to forget her wretched—but, Oh, not curse her guilty—mother,

BELIZA."

The letter fell from the hand of Lord Anglesford: he turned pale as ashes. "Ellinore," said he, when he found articulation, "read that letter. We must go, my child, and sooth the last moments of a wretched criminal." Ellinore needed no further urging, and attended him directly; but they arrived too late to afford any assistance. Beliza was in her last agonies: she extended her convulsed hand to Lord Anglesford, but shrunk from the embrace of Ellinore, who wept pity and forgiveness. A few hours terminated her sufferings, but those few witnessed her sincere repentance, and she expired with a prayer for mercy on her lips. Lord Anglesford was deeply affected; the shock settled on his spirits, and he hastened from town. The good conduct of Annesley endeared him so much to the Earl, that he soon procured him a lucrative and honorable post under government; and Mrs. Nellworthy came, by his invitation, to the castle, to assist Ellinore in the regulation of the household. Had not the early errors of Lord Anglesford occasioned him many severe pangs, he might have felt happiness, in witnessing the virtues and happiness of his child, whose hand he soon after bestowed upon Annesley; and at his death bequeathed to him his whole fortune, with this injunction; "use it moderately and benevolently, my son. Shun the allurements of dissipation; and teach your children the necessity of habitual industry, regular economy, and strict piety, as the means of preserving them in peace and virtue."

E. F."

THE JUVENILE MONITOR.

BY EDWIN.

NO. I.

ON VIRTUE.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue. *Cowper.*

THE sacred scriptures repeatedly inform us, that the task in which we all are, or ought to be, engaged, namely, the working out our salvation with fear and trembling, is replete with difficulty and labor, requiring all our circumspection and care; and that an inheritance in that state which is prepared for the righteous, can only be obtained by anxiously obeying the precepts of the gospel; by continual attention and unwearied watchfulness in the cause of religion. Let us, therefore, seriously consider the indispensible necessity of immediately engaging in this important work, with ardor and diligence.

If we look abroad into the world, or even if we confine our observations within the little circle of our own acquaintance, we shall soon become convinced, that all, in one way or another, feel the oppressive hand of affliction; and if we consider the subject with the attention its importance demands, we shall find too, that the afflictive dispensations of Providence are not confined to the impious despisers of religion alone, but that all indiscriminately, in their journey through the "strange eventful history" of life, feel, in some degree, the sharp rod of adversity. Since, then, the messengers of affliction spread their snares alike for the virtuous and vicious, it becomes a subject of very momentous enquiry, on what rock the true Christian is to rest his hopes. When bowed down by his heavy burden, who or what will support him? where shall he find a stay whereon to recline with tranquillity?

Thanks

Thanks be to heaven, the day-spring revelation from on high hath visited us, and plainly pointed out the only sure and stedfast anchor of the soul—*Religion*. When the good man looks abroad into life, he will not expect the uninterrupted enjoyment of happiness, nor suppose he can obtain the heaven of heavens without exertion and watchfulness: he will consider himself *but* as a pilgrim and stranger, travelling through an unknown land, where there is much to excite his attention, and to induce him to quit the proper path; but he will be aware too, if that he steps out of the direct road, to enjoy the seeming sweets strewed in his way, he shall not arrive at the goal at the appointed time: he will therefore pursue his course with alacrity and promptitude, moderately partaking of the good things around him, "thankful when the sun shines, and the way is pleasant; but if it be rough and rainy, he cares not much, he is but a traveller." Such and so amiable will be the conduct of the real Christian: instead of supinely committing the concerns of eternity to the blind will of accident, he will earnestly endeavor, with a contrite heart, to use this world as not abusing it; and, by the undeviating practice of humility, charity, and benevolence, will assuredly, in the end, obtain the approbation of the Author and Finisher of his faith.

The necessity of engaging in this important task will readily appear to the considerate man, adorned with the most pleasing prospects of present peace, animated by the brightest views of religion, and elevated by the highest hopes of immortal, never-fading bliss! If he surveys mankind, he will perceive, perhaps, those who have presumptuously despised the proffered mercy of their Redeemer, suddenly cut off in the midst of their career, and sent, with all their imperfections on their heads, into the immediate presence of their offended Creator. He will perceive the man, who, regardless of Jesus, placed his chief concern in the attainment of earthly possessions, unexpectedly blasted

by the hand of sickness. Then will conscience rise up as the accuser of this wretched being, and fill his soul with sorrow, fear, and wretchedness, until, at last, the great conqueror Death asserts his right, and in unspeakable horror he closes his earthly course.

> "Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
> But frantic, who thus spend it? All for smoke—
> Eternity for bubbles, proves, at last,
> A senseless bargain."

But let us quit this dismal prospect, and direct our steps to the chamber of the dying Christian. Oh! how different the scene! In his journey through life, he has been unwearied in the practice of virtue; he has permitted neither pleasure, curiosity, society, nor business, to engross too much of his time; but, aware of the snares and temptations of the world, he has pursued his course with alacrity and circumspection, and beholds his labors, at the awful period of expiring nature, crowned with patience and composure, under the cheering assurance "of present hope, and final victory."

From this slight view I have taken, my readers will perceive, that it is their truest interest to live according to the mild precepts of the gospel; patiently to endure their afflictions; and, instead of repining at the little inconveniencies of life, to think of Him, who, though the Lord of all things, had not where to lay his head. Let us then reflect upon this, and then ask ourselves, whether "the true disciple of a crucified Saviour shall shrink appalled from the conflict? When the Redeemer of mankind, with perfect resignation to his father's will, drank off the bitter cup of sorrow, which was mixed for him even to the dregs; shall an humble follower hesitate to trace his steps through the valley of affliction, and show the warfare of the intrepid Captain of his salvation?" Surely we cannot hesitate one moment in our reply; convinced, likewise, that all things shall finally work together for good

good to them that do their Father's will: and therefore, if it be so appointed, welcome the dispensations of Providence, welcome disappointment and poverty, welcome sickness and pain; age, even shame, contempt, and calumny. If this be a rough and thorny road, it is one in which our Saviour has gone before us; and where we see his footsteps, the traces of his sufferings, we can never repine.

Having thus briefly sketched out the advantages flowing from an upright discharge of the duties of religion, and the delightful effects proceeding from the invariable practice of virtue, I would willingly endeavor to guard the minds of my readers from a rock on which multitudes have unfortunately split: I mean the impropriety and unreasonableness of considering this world as a gloomy and mortifying abode, when the duties of religon are strictly preserved. This is a subject which has engaged the attention of many wise and able writers, who have not only entirely confuted it, but every other objection which the sophistry and folly of man hath devised. In no part of the sacred scriptures are we instructed to abstain from partaking in a moderate degree of the innocent amusements of life; though we are positively and unreservedly commanded to sacrifice every thing in the cause of religion, if necessary. The plain fact is, religion will be our solace under every misfortune; and though the rough blasts of anxiety should assail us, friends forsake, and Fortune frown upon us, we may rest perfectly convinced, the faithful discharge of our duty will afford us far more happiness and peace, than any amusements or idle pursuits. The one will in our pilgrimage divert our attention, perhaps, for a while, from our sorrows, and at the last leave us comfortless and forlorn: but the other will support us with resignation and composure during our stay in this probationary sphere, and finally give us those things which "can best refresh and strengthen us." If, then, we look for happiness in another and better world, we must watch over our ways with dili-

gence; we must make the attainment of heavenly approbation the highest object of our regard; we must consider virtue as the only amaranthine flower on earth; and in every trial and distress, rely implicitly upon Him, who looks with an eye of pity and compassion upon all those who are weary and heavy laden: we must work out our salvation with fear and trembling; we were born to fix our attention not upon the vain and glittering baubles which a false and flattering world can present to us, but in pursuing the paths of true piety to the end: we must consider the shortness and uncertainty of life; and this awful consideration will surely induce us to become diligent and unwearied, in preparing for the journey we must speedily take to the mansions of eternity: we must make the Christian Scriptures the rule whereby to direct our erring steps; and thus shall we in the present state "rise superior to its smiles or frowns, and possess that dignified composure of soul, which no earthly incidents can ruffle or destroy:" we shall be enabled to look back with tranquillity, and forward with hope; and in the land of celestial bliss, which our Redeemer has promised us, where sorrow shall never come, but where all tears shall be wiped from all eyes, obtain an inheritance of everlasting, unspeakable happiness; a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize."—

Chester, Nov. 1st, 1802.

EQUIVOCATION: AN ANECDOTE.

A TIMID cockney enquiring about the disposition of the horse he was preparing to mount, "O Sir," replied the ostler, "the beast has a *rare* temper." "Does he go well?" "Aye, he's a nice one for going; though 'tis not very easy to say *which way* he'll go." "What faults has he?" "None, worth *speaking* of."

On

On the FOLLY of what is generally called A GENTEEL EDUCATION.

AS a warning to parents in my station of life, to avoid the sorrow I feel in having given my daughters a genteel education, I would make my history public; and knowing no better way of doing it, than sending it to your Museum, I have drawn up the following sketch, which you will oblige an *old man* by inserting as speedily as possible.

I was the only son of an industrious, careful farmer, who, dying soon after I came of age, left me in possession of a small estate well stocked. My mother being dead some years before my father, a sister, of whom I was very fond, kept my house. We were both industrious and frugal, and Providence smiled upon our labors, so that I made new purchases every year, both of land and stock. In this way we went on for several years, till, unfortunately for me, (as I then thought,) a neighbour of ours lost his wife, and prevailed on my Mary to repair his loss, and take upon herself the care of his dairy instead of mine. This was a great stroke; and I was obliged to look out for a wife when my sister had left me. Many were my advisers on this occasion; and, indeed, it seemed to me, that I might have had half the farmers' daughters in my neighbourhood. At length I married a young woman, who appeared what I have always found her, a good-tempered, industrious soul, who has done every thing in her power to make my days comfortable. We have had a large family, ten of whom are living; of this number six are daughters: it is of them I am about to write.

You must understand that my wife had a sister who married in London, and lives quite in a genteel way, as my daughters call it. When our eldest girl was about fourteen years old, we were favored with a visit from this lady. It may be thought our family

would appear extremely awkward to their polite relation, having had no other education than at a day-school in the neighbouring town, whither the children walked every morning, and returned in the evening.

The good lady told her sister it was a sad thing not to give the girls a chance in the world, and proposed that the three eldest should go with her to town for a year or two; where she would place them in a *good boarding-school*, that they might attain a few *accomplishments* proper for young ladies whose father would be able to give them a pretty fortune.

Not knowing what *accomplishments* signified, I was easily persuaded to comply with the united request of the mother and daughters; and off went the latter with their London aunt. She soon found a school for them, either in or near town, I forget which; and gave orders to the governess to teach them music, French, drawing, dancing, and all that is thought proper to qualify a fine lady for passing through life. Three years passed in this way, during which we often received letters from the children, telling us of their improvements in many things to which we were entire strangers. You must know, Madam, that this must have been a very expensive time to me; but I did not much mind that, believing it was all for the good of the young people; and as my wife told me, it would raise their fortune. The period being arrived for their return home, they were accompanied by their aunt, who prided herself much on the accomplishments of her nieces; and, indeed, I cannot but own I felt myself pleased to hear them sing, and play on a musical instrument they brought home with them; and also thought their fine drawings and needle-work very pretty things. Very foolishly I consented that my three youngest girls should return with their aunt, to receive the same polish which appeared so charming in their sisters. But the consequences of this polite education were not yet fully visible; though they began, in a degree, to make their appearance even before

our

our relation left us. The report that the Miss C—'s were come from school, procured us the honor of a number of visits from the gay part of the neighbouring town, with whom, till then, we had not the least connection; and as our house was only a pleasant evening's walk from B—, many of our gentry, who came over to take a cup of tea, were so delighted with the situation, and their entertainment, that supper-time came before they could depart; and then, perhaps, a bit of cold ham, or a country cheese-cake, would tempt them to prolong their stay a few moments: a glass of wine after supper followed of course, and midnight only put an end to these friendly visits. The inconvenience to my wife and her maids was inconceivable: two or three hours sleep is of great consequence in the country. An additional maid servant was soon found indispensable; for our poor girls could do no kind of domestic work, and their taste for dress and company took up all their time.

The succeeding winter they received invitations to the subscription ball at B—; and as they had been permitted to attend such diversions while at school, it would now have been cruel to have denied them the same pleasure; therefore they regularly went to every ball, and generally returned some time in the morning, in a chaise I was obliged to hire on these occasions. Thus passed two more years; my all-accomplished daughters attracted universal admiration among our acquaintance; and to do them justice in this point, as far as I can judge, they certainly are very fine ladies. However, I thought it time to send for my youngest children; and therefore wrote to my sister, desiring they might be sent home, believing I had been at sufficient expence already to give my daughters that which I now began to discover had done them more injury than any thing their greatest enemies could have wished.

My whole family are now at home together: I have a house full of genteel girls, who can, with the grass-

hopper in the fable, dance and sing from morning to evening every day; but neither of them can be persuaded to pay any attention to plain work, or to assist their mother in family affairs.

It is now several years that our house has been a scene of confusion: a round of visits are paid and received by my daughters, who seem to consider themselves as born to no other end than, like butterflies, to amuse themselves by fluttering about from pleasure to pleasure. They read a great deal of that sort of trash of which I am informed circulating libraries in small towns are composed; and, fortunately, they also see your Museum. It will therefore oblige me if you will insert this letter therein, that they may be convinced I feel for their situation as well as my own imprudence. Some of them are now marriageable; but as they have no qualifications to fit them for farmers' or tradesmens' wives, and as I cannot give them fortunes to induce gentlemen to marry them, I fancy they must live single. What will become of them when I am gone I cannot tell; their fortunes will not support them in the style they wish to live in; and, unless they will pay a little more attention to the common affairs of life, I fear they will be very miserable. Perhaps, if some of your kind correspondents would give them a little advice on their future conduct, it might do them good: but their mother and myself are thought *too old* and *unfashionable* to direct the behaviour of young ladies who are so genteel.

A REPENTANT FATHER.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

MR. BANNISTER, the new manager, has commenced his superintendance of this important establishment with the most encouraging prospect of success, and he seems determined, by calling forth, in an attractive point of view, the various talents of the company,

pany, to merit the favor and patronage of the public.

Among the new engagements for the present season, is MRS. GLOVER, who, in the fashionable range of comic characters, has long held a distinguished rank at the rival theatre.

MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE, well known in the northern parts of the kingdom as a manager and actor, and formerly in possession of a respectable situation on the boards of Covent Garden and the Haymarket Theatres, appeared for the first time at this house on Thursday evening, October 7, in the arduous character of *Falstaff*, in the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth.*

The following address, written by himself for the occasion, will shew that he was, at least in point of magnitude and obesity, well calculated to represent the part:

A *Falstaff* here to-night, by nature made,
Lends to your favorite bard *his pond'rous aid.*
No man in buckram he! no stuffing geer,
No feather-bed, nor e'en a pillow-bier!
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,
And weighing more or less some *thirty* stone:
Upon the Northern Coast by chance we caught him,
And hither in a *broad-wheel'd waggon* brought him;
For in a *chaise* the varlet ne'er could enter,
And no *mail coach* on such a fare would venture.
Blest with unwieldiness, at least, his *size*
Will favor find in ev'ry critic's eyes;
And should his humor, and his mimic art,
Bear due proportion to *his outward part*,
As once 'twas said of MACKLIN in the *Jew*,
This is the very Falstaff Shakespeare drew,
To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,
Should you approve, you may command his stay,
To lie and swagger here another day.
If not, to better men he'll leave his sack,
And go, as ballast, in a *collier* back.

It was delivered by MR. BANNISTER with uncommon effect, and produced reitered bursts of merriment.

MR. KEMBLE was certainly successful in many scenes; and in the detection of *Falstaff's* lies, and the soliloquy on his ragged regiment, he deserved and received

ceived much applause; but he is far from being superior to any of his present competitors in the character. He is, indeed, very fat; but he is, at the same time, too active: his voice is powerful, but it wants richness and modulation; and, above all, he is defective in the luxuriance of humor with which SHAKSPEARE has embellished this unparalleled character. MR. S. KEMBLE may pass for a tolerable representative of *Falstaff* in the present state of theatrical exhibition; but he enjoys no solid grounds of pre-eminence over COOKE or PALMER in the character.

The Winter's Tale was brought forward at this house on Monday, October 11, with a very material change in the cast of principal characters. MR. POPE and MRS. POWELL supplied the places of MR. KEMBLE and MRS. SIDDONS. They were certainly inferior to their predecessors in those grand *traits* of the art that constitute genius, but in point of natural feeling, they displayed talents of the most expressive kind. MRS. ANSELL, late MRS. YATES, evinced a pathos and discrimination in *Paulina* which must raise her to a distinguished rank in the profession. MISS HICKS, in *Perdita*, was more interesting than her performances proved last season.

MRS. GLOVER, who has performed for several years with *eclat* on the boards of Covent-Garden Theatre, made her appearance on this stage in the evening of October 20. The part of *Mrs. Oakley*, a high-spirited woman, of strong sense and great accomplishments, tarnished but by one defect, a mean and tormenting jealousy of her husband, was chosen by this lady for her *debut*; and though, from a previous acquaintance with her abilities, the expectations of the audience were somewhat raised, yet were they amply fulfilled. The anxieties of a suspicious disposition, pertinaciously seeking food for uneasiness, the violence resulting from uncontrolled dominion, and the restless power of curiosity, were accurately discriminated, and forcibly expressed: nor was MRS. GLOVER less

less happy in the quick transition from the tempestuous passion of the furious virago, to the melting tenderness of the repentant wife. In the last act she was particularly excellent, and throughout the piece received the warmest testimonies of approbation.

COVENT GARDEN.

Miss MARRIOT appeared on Wednesday evening, September 29th, for the second time, in the character of *Mrs. Sullen*, in the pleasant comedy of the *Beaux Stratagem*. It proved in almost every instance more favorable to her manner and talents than that of *Clarinda*. She was received with warm and general plaudits.

On Friday she came forward in *Jane Shore*, which she delineated with feeling and judgment. This Lady is, however, deficient in those extraordinary powers without which it is impossible to reach the summit of the art; but her taste, sensibility, and accurate discrimination, must always entitle her to a respectable, if not a distinguished, rank in the profession.

The novelty of Mr. COOKE's appearing in *Hamlet* drew together an overflowing audience. The attempt, all things considered, was a bold one. The person and age of Mr. COOKE are ill calculated to represent the Prince of Denmark, "the Glass of Fashion, and the Mould of Form." The empassioned anguish and the exquisite sensibility of the part are as little within the scope of this actor's powers. He went through the part with much judgment and discrimination; but the ear and eye felt equally defrauded by his tones and by his appearance.

Miss REEVE, the daughter of Mr. REEVE, the composer, was the new *Ophelia;* a part to which she gave very considerable interest. She possesses an agreeable figure, and speaks, acts, and sings, with much propriety; but her powers were evidently cramped by the novelty of her situation.

The *Way to Get Married* introduced on Friday evening

evening, October 8th, Miss WADDY, who performed *Emma* in the *Birth Day* last season for her father's benefit, as a regular candidate for public favor.

A more interesting performance we have seldom witnessed. She joins to the most elegant person now on the stage, a beautiful and expressive countenance, and a melodious and affecting voice. She is not deficient in discrimination, and her deportment and action are easy and natural.

Although this young lady does not appear more than sixteen or seventeen years old, she possesses such distinguished talents for the art, that she may be considered a most valuable acquisition to the company. In characters where the expression of natural sentiment predominates, she must be without a rival. Her performance of *Julia Faulkner* received, from a numerous and brilliant audience, every possible mark of approbation and encouragement

The first appearance of BRAHAM and STORACE, on Tuesday evening, October 12th, in the comic opera of the *Cabinet*, attracted more fashion than we have witnessed since the commencement of the season.

The *amateurs* of musical science and taste were as earnest in their applause of the extraordinary powers and skill of BRAHAM as on any former occasion. This accomplished singer has attained the perfection of his art, and his execution of the most difficult passages leaves nothing to be desired by the most scrupulous taste.

STORACE's voice is much clearer, and more powerful, than it was last season.

This opera was repeated on Friday; but, in consequence of an attack of the gout, BRAHAM's character was attempted by a Mr. WOODHAM, who performed during the vacation at the Brighton Theatre.

His first air was given with much promise of improvement; but his fears encreased with the progress of the opera, and his intimidation became so great as to diminish, in a considerable degree, those powers which

which he evidently possesses. This unexpected attempt produced repeated marks of disapprobation.

A new candidate for public favor appeared at this Theatre on Thursday evening, October 21st, in the arduous character of *Othello*. He appears to be very young, and his performance produced a considerable portion of applause; yet the capabilities to form an eminent actor are so many, that we cannot advise him to pursue his career in the mimic art.

COOKE'S *Iago* continues a *chef-d' œuvre*. BRUNTON made a very respectable stand in *Cassio;* and Mrs. LITCHFIELD'S *Emelia* was truly impressive. The invocation—

> "O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
> "And put in every honest hand a whip,
> "To lash the rascal naked through the world!"

was delivered with such admirable feeling and expression, as to excite three general rounds of enthusiastic plaudits.

The love-sick coxcomb and dupe, *Rodrigo*, was represented by KNIGHT, with a minute attention to the author's meaning. It was embellished, by the taste and liberality of Mr. HARRIS, with a new dress, uncommonly splendid and appropriate.

Desdemona lost nothing of her sweetness of disposition, and affecting love and innocence, in the possession of Mrs. H. SIDDONS.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

The large Painting of the Great Earthquake at Lisbon.

This picture, now exhibiting at the Lyceum, is an accurate delineation of that shocking phenomenon of nature, which destroys whole nations in a moment. The view of the city of Lisbon, as it fell in 1755, is the work of Mr. C. J. Pugh, and executed from the most faithful authorities. It exhibits a truly dreadful appearance; and the effect of the conflagrations is wonderfully grand. The figures, which are from the hand of Mr. R. K. Porter, possess that spirit and truth, which are the characteristics of his pencil.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESSES.

1. A turban of pink and white crape, with feathers of the same colors. The dress, a skirt of pink sarcenet, with a spencer of white lace, bound with an antique onyx clasp, with a plaiting of lace on the body. The shoes scarlet silk.

2. A plain head-dress of lace, with a veil of the same, fastened by a knot on the crown. The dress, green sarcenet, with white cuffs, and a lace frill on the neck. The gloves and shoes buff silk.

MORNING DRESSES.

3. A mazarine blue velvet hat, with feathers and ribbon of the same color. A cloak of the same, trimmed with black lace. The dress white muslin, plain. Shoes blue leather, and gloves tanned.

4 The head-dress a lace cap. A plain gown, with a white lace spencer. The gloves tanned, and the shoes red.

*** The fashionable colors are yellow, blue, pink, and green.

Payne, Milliner, Old Bond Street.

Wirgman, Dreſs Maker, Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

The Apollonian Wreath.

NIGHT.

SOFTLY stealing from the west,
Over cottage, hill, and plain,
Night, in sable garments drest,
Now begins her awful reign.

From the gloomy desart vale,
Rising o'er the mountain's brow,
Misty vapors thick exhale,
Bred in dewy damps below.

Not a gleam of lustre peeps
Thro' the forest's dreary shade,
To direct the traveller's steps,
Save the glow-worm's glimm'ring aid

But, like tapers seen from far,
O'er the moor, or marshy fen,
Dancing meteors oft appear,
And mislead th' unwary swain;

Till the moon, with aspect bright,
Pleas'd her empire to resume,
Sends her kind enliv'ning light,
To dispel the sullen gloom.

See! she spreads her lucid beams
O'er yon ivy-twisted tower,
Where the blink-ey'd owlet screams
Nightly from her secret bower.

Where a mild, resplendent ray
Silvers o'er that aged thorn,
Philomel, with plaintive lay,
Warbles till th' approach of morn;

Whilst the downy god of sleep
O'er each hamlet spreads his wings,
Where he reigns in silence deep
Till the early matin rings.

As in silken fetters bound,
Swains oppress'd with toil are laid,
Fancy flutters all around,
In her airy vestments clad.

Colin, in his humble lot,
Happier than a monarch seems,
Stretch'd beneath his straw-thatch'd cot,
Whilst of Chloe's charms he dreams.

Now the thin, aerial sprite
In the church-yard haunt is seen,
At the solemn noon of night,
Gliding o'er the dusky green.

Banner-Street,
October 12th, 1802.

H. MARSHALL.

STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZA.

"AND is she gone?" Affection trembling cries,
While oft the tributary sigh is heav'd;
"She, on whose form I've gaz'd with rapt'rous eyes,
"'Till my torn-heart from sorrow's been reliev'd?"

Hark! the sad knell assails my silent ear,
Whilst here, sweet maid, I contemplate thy worth;
Whilst here, reflection starts the swelling tear,
And mem'ry calls each latent feeling forth.

These woods, these wilds, will oft my steps invite;
For here, Eliza, have we fondly stray'd,
As slowly rose the queen of mournful night,
In silver mantle peerlessly array'd!

Here, then, with trembling, sad, and swollen eye,
Shall retrospection wake each tender care;
Shall trace thy fav'rite stream as trickling by,
Responsive murm'ring to my pensive ear.

Here, in the solemn stillness of the night,
I'll sit—while no unhallow'd thought obtrude;
For, ah! with only *thee* I taste delight,
Sister of Silence—sacred *Solitude!*

Adieu, Eliza! well I knew thy worth;
Nor will that knowledge in my mem'ry die:
The flame of love, thou'st kindled here on earth,
Will burn whene'er I meet thee in the sky.

P. L.

Written in a Company where Detraction engrossed the Conversation.

SWEET to the scent's the fragrant briar,
Yet touch'd it gives us pain;
The streamlet we so much admire
Is oft distain'd with rain:

The painting that delights the eye,
To shades its beauty owes;
On the same shrub conjoin'd we spy
The thorn and blushing rose.

No mortal ever yet was made
From imperfection free;
Angels themselves have some small shade;
Heav'n wills it thus should be.

Mercy to others' failings show,
As you wou'd be forgiv'n:
The best man's lot, alas! were woe,
Were mercy not in Heav'n.

THE MISER.

FROM all the noisy world retir'd,
With every curse of Av'rice fir'd,
Amid the number'd bags around,
Beneath whose weight the table groan'd,
Old Gripus sat—a piteous wight,
Whose ever craving appetite
Would swallow all Golconda's store,
Or Ptosi's mines, and ask for more.
His meagre body, pale and thin,
Bespoke a sordid soul within.
His beard no razor e'er came near;
What others came content to shear,
The scissars serv'd to clip it down,
Which sav'd per annum near a crown.
His coat was patch'd, and threadbare too;
No waistcoat underneath you view:
No linen ever touch'd his skin;
'Twas luxury, 'twas waste, 'twas sin.
His hose, once made of coarsest yarn,
Were nought but one continued darn
Of various colors; 'mongst them all,
'Twas hard to tell th' original.
A leather girdle round his waist:
With horse-hide thongs his shoes were grac'd.
Nor did the room disown its master;
No ceiling, whitewashing, or plaster:
The window, if that so be deem'd,
Where paper panes with wood were fram'd,
Did scarce emit a darkly ray,
T' assist to aid your dang'rous way;
For dang'rous 'twas, since the worn floor
Had chasms and holes a plenteous store.
The room had once been whitewash'd round,
But now no white could there be found;
For damps and mildews had bespread
The walls with colors, green and red;
And over them, with shining trail,
Had travell'd the damp-loving snail.
The rusty grate, in useless pride,
The rage of fire had long defy'd.
The spiders, all around the room,
With nicest art employ'd their loom,
Nor fear'd the busy housewife's broom:
With guardian care, from side to side,
Across the room their webs had ty'd,

Lest,

Lest, if neglected, it should fall;
And crush them, webs, and looms, and all.
Room, master, goods, and all together,
Appear'd as if made one for t'other.
Here Gripus sat, with pride elate,
Defying poverty and fate:
With prying and suspicious eyes
He into every corner pries;
Rises, examines every door,
Then spreads, and reckons up, his store:
With seeming joy he sees it shine;
And cries in rapture, "This is mine!
"To Poverty I bid adieu,
"Protected by the gold I view.
"When I am dead"——Here busy thought
Full in his view that moment brought
When life's last grains of sand were run,
And ev'ry earthly pleasure gone;
Set up, in horrible array,
The crimes that stain'd each passing day;
Av'rice, Oppression, Lucre, Lust,
And pointed out each breach of trust.
His tortur'd soul, oppress'd with fears,
In frenzy thus his guilt declares:
"Curst be the wretch, for ever curst,
"That dug this shining metal first.
"On me, alas! too sure I know
"It will entail eternal woe.
"When I before my Judge appear,
"To give account of actions here,
"Accusers numberless shall stand,
"Who groan'd beneath my iron hand,
"And Heaven invoke, with stern decree,
"To hurl its ten-fold wrath on me.
"Justice no stimulus shall need;
"Conscience condemns, and who shall plead?
"My every crime, tho' here conceal'd
"By craft and fraud, shall be reveal'd:
"Then what will all this gold avail?
"Tho' pow'rful here, it can't prevail
"With that just Judge, whose piercing eye
"Omnicient can my thoughts descry!
"He'll hurl me from the realms of light,
"Down, down to everlasting night!
"Curst be the wretch, for ever curst,
"That dug this shining metal first;
"For here on earth no joy I know;
"A foretaste of eternal woe
"Poisons each pleasure in the bud,
"Fixes a sting in every good.

" Fool that I am, in any trade
" Ne'er was more horrid bargain made:
" By cares, and pains, and misery here,
" In hell I've purchas'd long despair.
" Not all the gold Peru can boast,
" Nor gems upon the Indian coast,
" Can save my soul, for ever lost!"
Thus he exclaims; with deep despair,
He beats his breast, he tears his hair.
Anon he strives to hide his pain,
And welcome joy and peace again;
In vain—for Av'rice grows and thrives,
Still stronger as old age arrives:
The soil congenial, it remains;
Nor can the utmost toil or pains
Curb or destroy the vig'rous shoot;
Eternal pain the certain fruit.

EVESHAMENSIS.

A BALLAD

UPON AN INFANT IN A CRADLE.

AH! happy babe! what wishes vain
Thy innocence and peace excite!
Ah! could'st thou but through life maintain
The bliss that gives such pure delight!

Sweet is thy sleep! while visions gay,
The friends of infantine repose,
Before thy dawning fancy play,
Nor vanish till thy eyes unclose.

Thy opening eyes a father please,
Thy childish look a mother charms;
In turn thy little frame they seize;
Thy safest cradle is their arms.

Thou rising hope of all thy race,
Whose peace upon thy smiles depend;
If joy but brighten in thy face,
O'er ev'ry face its rays extend.

Ah! happy babe! what wishes vain
Thy innocence and peace excite!
O could'st thou but through life maintain
The bliss that gives such pure delight!

Free from regret, or vain desires,
Each object offer'd to thy view,
Thy spotless soul with joy inspires,
And wakens pleasure ever new.

Or

Or if thou chance to heave a sigh,
Nor long, nor bitter, is thy woe;
Thy ready smile is ever nigh,
Though down thy cheek a tear may flow.

Thy very weakness gives thee power;
Thy earliest will seems law and right;
And e'en the aged, rough and sour,
Melt into softness at thy sight.

Ah! happy babe! what wishes vain
Thy innocence and peace excite!
Ah! could'st thou but through life maintain
The bliss which gives such pure delight!

But no, for see, with rapid wing,
Approaching storms the prospect lour,
And cares and crosses with them bring,
Thy sports to mar, thy joys to sour.

E'en I, howe'er I still preserve
A taste for Nature's artless charms,
Start, sigh, and tremble every nerve,
With frequent fears and quick alarms.

Now false, now fickle proves some friend;
Now Death some lov'd companion steals;
Now fairest hopes in visions end—
Alas! each day fresh woe reveals!

Ah! happy babe! what wishes vain
Thy innocence and peace excite!
Ah! could'st thou but through life maintain
The bliss which gives such pure delight!

If yet blind Fate, unknowing why,
The bitter cup of evil fill,
Quick to thy cradle will I fly,
To solace me for ev'ry ill.

Thy soft caresses, void of art,
Thy playful fearlessness of harm,
Shall to my sorrowing soul impart
Some genuine drops of healing balm.

How sweet thy sight, how soft thy power!
Sole season of untutor'd joys!
Perhaps of mine the happiest hour
Is that which e'en thy praise employs!

Ah! happy babe! what wishes vain
Thy innocence and peace excite!
Ah! could'st thou but through life maintain
The bliss which gives such pure delight!

TO CARE.

THOU scourge of mortals, earth-born CARE,
Whose looks, that vengeful tidings lour,
And haggard mien, and restless air,
Too truly indicate thy pow'r;
Thine arrows rankling in his breast,
Man's choicest blessings oft destroy;
To life impart a loathsome zest,
And poison every source of joy!

Scar'd by thy frowns, no more the Muse
The Poet's lonely moments cheers;
With half-averted face she views
The heaving breast, the trickling tears!
From where thy vulture-train reside,
She, and her handmaid FANCY, flee:
Nor will the heav'n-born pair divide
The empire of the mind with thee!

E'en SLEEP, that o'er the weary soul
Delights her opiate dews to shed,
Her poppies drops at thy controul,
And flies the care-worn wretch's bed:
Or should her influence chance prevail,
And slumbers o'er his eye-lids steal,
More dreadful scenes his mind assail,
In dreams, than waking hours reveal!

Full oft, before some savage foe,
Pard, tyger, lion, wolf, he falls;
Or, reft of pow'r a ruffian's blow
To shun, for mercy vainly calls!
Or hears, aghast, the torrent roar,
And views approach th' impetuous flood;
Perspires apace at every pore,
And groans, while horror chills his blood!

How irksome then the moment seems,
When its delusion's scarcely broke,
He trembles at the affrighting dream,
And courts in vain Sleep's kindlier yoke!
Still, still, thy harpies intervene,
Chasing away the pow'r benign;
While darkness clouds creation's scene,
To make the victory surely thine!

Cast

Cast on the stormy sea of life,
What pangs the too susceptive mind,
Amidst its tempests, cares, and strife,
Throughout each fleeting year must find!
As tremble yonder aspen-leaves,
The sport of every wind that blows,
So, CARE, thine iron sway bereaves
The feeling bosom of repose!

How shall we mortals then withstand
Thy heart-corroding tyranny?
Who shall arrest thy ruthless hand,
And set the wretched prisoners free?
See where descends a form divine,
Whose arm a wond'rous cross sustains!
Despot! thy hapless prey resign,
Religion comes to break their chains!

Confiding in the love of Heav'n,
Beneath its fostering care secure,
Although on earth 'tis often giv'n,
Heart-rending evils to endure;
Elate with hope, with patience steel'd,
Resign'd the galling load we bear;
And, arm'd with Faith's impervious shield,
Defy thy poison'd weapons, CARE!

A.

CONTENTMENT.

AN ODE.

I.

HOW blest is he who, void of strife,
Enjoys himself in country life,
So but Contentment proves his guide
To steer him thro' the middle tide!

II.

How blest is he in noise of town,
That calls his little stock his own!
If but Contentment paves his way,
He hopes not for a better day.

III.

But, ah! where can Contentment dwell?
Say,—in the hermit's mossy cell?
Or in the lowly, humble cot,
To cheer the lab'ring peasant's lot?

Or

IV.

Or where does she her garlands twine
To deck creation's ample shrine?
Where can her genial poppies blow,
That ease the ling'ring victim's woe?

V.

Then, Goddess, quit thy distant throne,
And call my panting heart thy home.
If Fortune frowns, or proves elate,
Alike oh let me meet my fate.

I. W. SMITH.

Tooley-Street,
October 6, 1802.

THE PUPIL OF CONTENT.

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple blessings of the lowly train.
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

SAFE shelter'd by a neighb'ring wood,
An humble cottage peaceful stood,
The mansion of Content;
Remote from courtiers, far from kings,
And ev'ry source whence mis'ry springs,
Suffice that heav'n had sent.

Soon as the dawning peep of day,
The risen lark would pour his lay,
And call him forth to sow:
He'd cheerly plod the beaten way,
Now Spring yet held her blissful sway
Adown the vale below.

The oak was still a calm retreat
To screen him from the noontide heat,
And snatch a short repast:
Refresh'd, to labor then again
Till evening shadow'd o'er the plain,
And day declining fast.

Belov'd by all, thus liv'd the man,
Pursuer of the frugal plan,
Who lov'd his own fire-side:
Health shed her sunshine o'er his life,
While age endear'd the tender wife
To be his childrens' pride.

R. T. OLIVANT.

London,
October 6, 1802.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN WYMONDHAM CHURCH-YARD.

HERE stop, my friend! these humble lines peruse,
The artless product of a rustic Muse.
Can'st thou look round, and yet forbear to weep,
Where swells the turf in many a mould'ring heap?
Can'st thou unmov'd the solemn scene survey,
Or walk unthinking o'er thy kindred clay?
Can'st thou unaw'd this russet grave behold,
Where rests the tongue that many a tale hath told?
Beneath yon stone, in hallow'd silence, lies
Some hoary sophist, strip'd of all disguise:
And, close confin'd to this contracted spot,
Lost to the world, and by his friends forgot,
Sleeps hapless ******, who in early youth
Despis'd the dictates of unerring truth;
Who stifled reason, liv'd to vice a slave,
And sunk untimely to the gloomy grave!
Here too, unknowing what was right or wrong,
Unnumber'd infants swell the solemn throng;
Snatch'd from the world, and all impending woes,
To Heav'n in spotless innocence they rose.
See there the virgin, crop'd in beauty's bloom,
Rests unregarded in the moss-clad tomb,
E'en by the wretch who doom'd the nymph to prove
The ling'ring tortures of neglected love.
Where's now the radiant brightness of her eye,
That stream'd like meteors in a summer's sky?
Where's now the lily's and the rose's hue,
Which streak'd her cheek, and wanton'd in our view?
Lost are those charms, and "mute the tuneful tongue,"
That spoke with freedom, and divinely sung;
Fled ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace expir'd,
And loath'd the form which gazing crowds admir'd.
Hence, reader, pause! this awful lesson learn,
From dust thou art, and must to dust return;
Wealth, wit, nor beauty, boast the pow'r to save
One human being from the gaping grave:
Alike precarious is our fleeting breath,
And all are levell'd by the hand of Death.
What tho' misfortunes may our steps pursue,
Blast ev'ry wish, and darken ev'ry view,
Still to the good, the virtuous, and the wise,
They're heav'nly blessings, in a strange disguise;
Then let's forbear to murmur and to sigh,
And aim to live as we would wish to die.

A. R. E.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHARADE I.—Pine-apple.
——— II.—Pan-cake.

NEW CHARADE.

MY First is expressive of grief and surprise;
My Second's not easy to name;
For 'tis sometimes admir'd as both virtuous and wise,
And at others, surrounded with shame.

My Whole's a prognostic, that's subject to change,
Foretelling of good, and of ill;
But the well-inform'd mind thinks prognostic's too strange
To direct any plan of the will.

Correspondence, &c.

Henricus's *Lines on Miss D—— appear to us to have been the effusions of a brain over-heated with too much wine. We are apprehensive the insertion of them would do him an ill turn with the Lady, and us with our fair Readers in general, who would, at best, but consider the context—as the Toast of an* intoxicated *Lover.*

If Edwin *will have the goodness to inform us how a line can be addressed to him, it will be esteemed a favor.*

We have to acknowledge a number of favors received this month, which shall be inserted as soon as possible.

Ann Bolen.

Published by Vernor & Hood Dec.r 1.1802.